The Consul

LAST PHOTO OF THE CONSUL, 1902.

THE CONSUL.

A SKETCH
of
Emma Booth Tucker.

By Her Husband

Commander Booth Tucker.

THE
SALVATION ARMY PUBLISHING DEPARTMENT:
NEW YORK: 120 to 130 West Fourteenth Street.
LONDON: 79 and 81 Fortess Road, N. W.
MELBOURNE: 69 Bourke Street.
TORONTO: Albert Street.

1903.

COPYRIGHT, 1903,
BY
THE SALVATION ARMY.

CONTENTS

PAGE.

A Tribute to the Consul, by her Father, General Booth 7

Preface 17

CHAPTER I.

Birth and Parents 21

CHAPTER II.

Childhood, 1860-1873 24

CHAPTER III.

Childhood (continued), 1868-1873 35

CHAPTER IV.

Youth, 1874-1880 45

CHAPTER V.

The Training Home, 1880-1888 58

CHAPTER VI.

Engagement and Marriage, 1887-1888 75

CHAPTER VII. PAGE.
India, 1888-1896 87

CHAPTER VIII.
Public Work in America, 1896-1903..... 106

CHAPTER IX.
America—Behind the Scenes, 1896-1903..... 114

CHAPTER X.
The Consul's Home, 1903..... 124

CHAPTER XI.
America—Social Relief Work, 1896-1903..... 133

CHAPTER XII.
Last Days on Earth, October, 1903..... 139

CHAPTER XIII.
Farewell Tributes, 1903..... 160

CHAPTER XIV.
The Carnegie Music Hall..... 167

CHAPTER XV.
The Last View and Funeral..... 176

CHAPTER XVI.
Rest in Peace..... 191

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

PAGE.

LAST PHOTO OF THE CONSUL IN 1902, *Frontispiece*

THE COMMANDER IN 1903 32

THE CONSUL IN 1884, ... 64

THE CONSUL IN HER INDIAN UNIFORM, . . 97

THE CONSUL LYING IN STATE—MEMORIAL HALL, NEW YORK CITY, ... 128

THE INTERNATIONAL TRAINING HOMES—LONDON, ENGLAND, ... 161

A TRIBUTE TO THE CONSUL.*

By her Father, the General.

My Dear Comrades and Friends—

To-morrow our American Comrades will lay away in the keeping of their beautiful New York Cemetery the mortal remains of my beloved daughter, the Consul, Mrs. Booth-Tucker.

She has fallen in the fight! As a winged Evangel, she was flying through the land, literally scattering the seeds of Hope, of Holiness, and of Heaven among the sinning, suffering children of men, when all suddenly, without any warning, the Death Angel met her, and after a faint and hopeless struggle, hurried her away to join her sainted mother, in the presence of her Saviour Lord.

Her death is an unutterable loss! She was a Salvation Soldier of incomparable worth. A long and memorable record of "well-fought battlefields" is behind her. Perhaps of no one in modern times, of her years and opportunities, could it be more truly said, "She has fought the good fight!"

Looking back to-day over the years of the Consul's

* Delivered at the Congress Hall, London, on Monday, November 2d, 1903, at a crowded Memorial Service.

life, I am able to recount some of the wonderful things God enabled her to do.

In His hands, and by His grace, she Converted Sinners, Restored Prodigals, Fed the Hungry, Instructed the Ignorant, Healed the Broken-hearted, Nursed the Sick, Trained Officers and Workers, Conquered Devils, Commanded Salvation Hosts, and in many other ways fulfilled the Redeeming Mission to which she was called. To Him, in whose strength this Work was accomplished, we humbly render thanksgiving. To Him we give all the praise.

She began early. Converted in the springtime of life, she gave herself up to the Service of God without reservation; and, while scarcely more than a child, went down to the lowest depths of sin and misery among the forgotten, the hopeless, and the outcast. She was soon promoted to a leading position in our International Training Homes, where her example and service bore fruit, and continues to bear fruit the world over.

Then she accompanied her husband, the Commander, to India, where, side by side, they lived and labored for the Native Populations until, broken down in health, she was reluctantly compelled to return to England to save her life.

Restored once more to something of her old vigor, she traveled up and down Europe, proclaiming the Message of Salvation, and nearly eight years ago was appointed,

in conjunction with her husband, to the Command of our Forces in the United States of America. There I believe thousands can bear testimony to the beauty of her character, her unflagging love for the people, the efficiency of her work, and the Christ-likeness of her spirit.

Indeed, as the Comrade of the Commander, she won a place for herself and The Army in the confidence and appreciation of all that was noblest and best in that great nation. The two Presidents of the period of her Command joined with men and women of every class and section, of almost every position in Church and State, in extending to her the helping hand of co-operation in her work, and it is from our hearts here to-day that we, the Representatives of many Nations, thank them gratefully for all! And now death has taken her away! On Wednesday, near midnight, on the Santa Fé Railroad from Kansas City to Chicago, at the summons of her Divine Master, she ascended to Heaven, and entered on her everlasting reward.

She is, as I have said, an unutterable loss. Her gifts were of a high order. She had a powerful intellect, a clear judgment, a brilliant wit, an exuberant flow of spirits, and an inflexible will; and, best of all, her every power was sanctified to the attainment of the noblest ends.

She was a Godly woman, with a living faith in the

living God. She lived in Him, communed with Him. He was a reality to her.

I knew her intimately, and found her a true woman, who loved righteousness and hated falsehood, unfaithfulness, meanness, and wrong with all the powers of her strong nature. I prized her beyond rubies.

Hers was a Generous Soul, generous to a fault, if that could be. I do not remember an observation savoring of ill-nature, or expressive of a selfish ambition, ever coming from her lips, no matter what provocations she might have been called to suffer, and sometimes they were not inconsiderable, either in quantity or quality. The truest benevolence marked her relations with all around her, and I have met with few, if any, who were as willing—and none who were more ready—to forgive. In short, she was everyone's friend, and no one's foe.

She had a great heart. Her sympathies were as wide as the world's need! They reached to the utmost limits of human sorrow and suffering, and made her ready for any sacrifices within her ability that looked in the direction of their alleviation or removal.

As a Public Speaker she was eloquent and persuasive in a high degree. She not only commanded the strictest and most sympathetic attention, but in multitudes of instances moved her hearers to receive and embrace the truth she proclaimed, and to act in harmony with its demands. No mere occupation, or amusement of the

passing hour, gave her satisfaction in her public efforts. She found her joy in nothing short of the immediate benefit of those to whom God gave her the privilege to speak.

Her gifts as a leader, always very remarkable, were, to the joy of all who knew her, rapidly developing; and though at times she may have seemed to be a little too tender of the feelings of those she controlled, still she was, perhaps, accurately described by those who knew her best as "a superb manager of men."

And so I shall be excused in regarding the death of my precious daughter as a serious loss to this poor world of ours. It can ill spare such spirits as that beautiful, brave and generous soul, which only a few days ago throbbed in every pulse, and made itself felt in every nerve of the form enclosed in the casket which to-morrow will be laid in the grave.

The Consul's death is a great loss to The Salvation Army. Of this I am, perhaps, as well able to judge as any one living. The Army has at length struggled on to its feet. Its accomplishments, by the Grace of God, are manifest to all men who are willing to see. It has only just begun to realize its capacity for doing its Divinely-appointed Work. Doors of opportunity are opening before it among all the Peoples of the Earth. Many thousands of hearts, already enlisted under its banner, are eager to be led forward to the conflict with sin and mis-

ery in which it is engaged. Consequently more Leaders —more Efficient Leaders—are our great need; and when confronted, as we are to-day, with the melancholy fact that one of the most capable and experienced of those we do possess has been torn, all unexpectedly, from the forefront of the battle, is it surprising that we count it a loss? It is more than a loss. It is a calamity, the full significance of which it is difficult, if not impossible, for me to describe.

The Consul's death is a great loss to her precious Husband. Here I would fain be silent. I fail to find words to adequately describe such sorrow. The Commander and Consul, if not "Twin Souls" in their relation to each other, were certainly knit together by the wonderful fitness of a mutual adaptation. To those who knew them best, it seemed as though they had verily been created for each other's help in the doing and suffering all the Christlike beneficent Work on which their hearts were mutually set. And now the one has been torn from the other, and the Commander is left behind to weep, and travail, and fight alone.

The Consul is a great loss to her precious family. Few mothers have excelled this mother in tender anxiety, self-denying toil, and consecrated ambition for their children. Her zeal for Christ, her pity for the perishing, and her practical efforts to give every possible effect to her anxiety on their behalf, were all made to har-

monize with her duty to her Children, who, after God and her Husband, ever occupied the first place in her soul. And these Children have given back again as beautiful and obedient an affection as any Mother could desire, and as rich a promise of a holy and useful maturity as any Mother could reasonably expect.

Precious Children! who can describe your loss? No words of mine can fully discharge the task. The Great Father in Heaven must Himself mother you. We will ask Him to do so. I believe He will.

The Consul is a great loss to her Father, The General. It was known that she held a warm place in my heart. All about me felt it right that it should be so. It could not very well be otherwise. Her beautiful spirit; her unwearying, self-denying concern for her dying Mother; her disinterested shouldering of the general interests of the Family, all powerfully appealed to my innermost soul, and drew forth the intensest affection of which my paternal nature was capable.

Then she understood and appreciated The Salvation Army in its widest aspects and its loftiest ambitions. She felt what, for God's great honor, I wanted it to become, and was able to rise above every personal interest that threatened in any degree to bar the way to its accomplishment, so throwing her whole being, and everything else she could influence, into the stupendous task of realizing my desires. Is it surprising, then, that I

loved her as much as a Father can love a Daughter, and is it to be wondered at that I mourn her loss?

What more shall I say? Already I have said enough of loss and breakage and sorrow. Perhaps too much. Do I complain for myself? Certainly not! And I know of no other being who suffers by this visitation who is disposed to kick against the pricks.

As said the President of that great nation in the very centre of which our precious Consul's life has been offered, in the last moments of his lamented fate, so say I to-day of that coffin, which contains so large a portion of my very heart: "This is God's Way for us; His Will be done."

WHAT SHALL WE DO?

But enough about the past. What about the future? What shall we do? It has been said that God buries His workmen, but carries on His work. He is burying one to-morrow. If the Work is to go forward, some one must take her place.

Who shall it be? I ask, as David asked thousands of years ago, "Who then is willing to consecrate his service this day unto the Lord?" These are days of memorials. Can we not construct one here? Can we not at this sacred hour, in this Congress Hall—the scene of so much of the dear Consul's toil—in the very presence of God raise an Altar on which some talents and wealth, some

heart; and lives, may be dedicated to the same exalted purpose to which this life was given?

Are there not men and women here who will leave their self-seeking and self-pleasing world; who will turn their backs on the fleeting shadows of earthly ease and glory, which they are now chasing; who will put away every mean and narrow object for which they are spending their lives, and, turning to the Crucified, say: "Oh, thou Christ, who died for me, I accept Thee here and now as my Saviour. I accept Thy will as the rule of my life. I give myself up before all else to seek Thy Glory, first in my own heart, and then in the Salvation of a dying world. This was the end of Thy dear servant's, the Consul's, life. This, in my experience, shall be the outcome of her death."

Shall it be so? What do you say? I ask you to decide!

And I ask for consecrations after this fashion, not by ones or twos only. My mind wanders out the world over and calls for hundreds, nay, thousands to volunteer for this great Crusade. And they will come. I feel in my soul that they will come.

But it is to you that I now address myself. You are here. And my heart turns again with an unutterable yearning to you. I feel that you truly share my sorrow. Let us then in all sincerity, in the presence of the Lamb that was slain, in the presence of the cloud of Heavenly

Witnesses which hang over us—among whom, perchance, hovers the departed spirit of our precious Consul—and in the presence of each other, let us unite in the dedication of our remaining days, many or few, to the whole-hearted service of Christ, and the souls of the men and women and children for whom He died.

PREFACE.

THESE pages have been written in the shadow of a great sorrow, which has swept over my heart with overwhelming violence. To others the Consul was precious. To me she seemed indispensable. Her beautiful, tender spirit would fain have helped me through the swellings of Jordan. It was not to be.

One sad consolation I possess—the privilege of interpreting her noble character to the world. None knew the inmost depths of her being better than myself. At home and abroad I had fathomed them, at least I thought I had, but that they seemed fathomless. Humble and unassuming in the hour of her greatest triumphs, she was like the rock of Gibraltar in hours of stress and storm. I never knew her waver. The greater the need, the greater the deed!

One moment shining as the perfect wife and mother in our home, at another moment fascinating with her brilliant conversational powers the keenest intellects in the land, and again with impassioned eloquence swaying vast audiences and leading our legions in the fray, it seemed as though she were indeed "equal to any emer-

gency," as one of our prominent statesmen once remarked when, with her graceful and unfailing tact, she suddenly and unexpectedly faced a difficult position.

Writing of her to a friend, when she was just budding into womanhood, her mother said: "Emma was nineteen yesterday. We had a nice time together. If 'spirits are not finely touched but to fine issues', I often wonder what God intends to do with her. He must have some grand destiny either here or yonder. But, oh, the capacity to *love* is also the capacity to *suffer.*"

This prognostication has been wonderfully verified. Part of it the mother lived to see, though the more brilliant public accomplishments were reserved for the thirteen years which have followed her mother's entrance to her reward.

To appreciate most lives it seems necessary to wait till the death-halo encircles their brow. Then the faults and failings fade from view, and the noble characteristics and accomplishments which made them what they were stand out in bold relief.

With Emma Moss Booth it was not so. She might just as well have been sketched as she passed along the various thoroughfares of life, gracing and adorning, as well as bettering, each. Her life-story was so rich in incident, so full of blessing to the world, so fraught with inspiration for those around, that those who knew her best often felt that it was ten thousand pities that

the thinkings and doings, the sayings and writings of her busy life, which were limited to the knowledge of the favored few, could not be broadcasted among the crowds. But as her sainted mother was wont to say, we were all "too busily engaged in making history to stop to write it."

At some future time some worthier hand will rewrite at leisure, and at greater length, the facts which I have here sought hastily to throw together with an eager desire to let them speak for themselves, and to make known, while hearts are still tender with the sense of their loss, the story of this modern champion of the cross.

In portraying this life it has been my earnest prayer that in it we may freshly realize that the power of God in nature and the power of Christ in redemption have lost not one whit of their old-time force and wonder. As a worldling she would have still been brilliant, but, alas, how great, how incalculable, would have been the loss to the humanity which she lived to lift and serve!

Genius without consecration arrests our attention and compels our admiration, and consecration without genius can work wonders with the poorest human materials. But the union of genius with consecration produces those beautiful evidences of God's supreme handiwork, which seem to give us a clearer insight into His wonder-working character. To the Hand that fashioned, and to the

Blood that redeemed, she would, and we will, give all the glory.

To that all-sufficient grace her life-work points. Weakness was made strong in God's sufficiency; timidity "waxed valiant in the fight and put to flight the armies of the aliens"; and finally "not accepting deliverance" she claimed the martyr's crown. She "rests from her labors and her works do follow her."

EMMA BOOTH TUCKER.

CHAPTER I.

Birth and Parents.

Emma Moss Booth was the brilliant daughter of brilliant parents. To their wise training and consecrated example she owed much, nay everything.

At the time of her birth her father, William Booth, was superintendent of the Gateshead Circuit in the Methodist New Connexion, a younger offshoot of the English Wesleyan Church. In the following year he resigned his pastorate in order to be free for revivalistic work. In the course of the next two years some seven thousand persons professed conversion. Finally in 1865, five years after the birth of Emma, he settled down in London, because it seemed to be the neediest spot which he could find, and founded what was first known as the Christian Mission, which in 1878 developed into the Salvation Army.

Her mother, Catherine Booth, has gone down to pos-

terity as "The Mother of the Salvation Army," or as she is to this day familiarly known among Salvationists, "The Army Mother."

By a singular coincidence, it was but a few weeks previous to the birth of her daughter Emma that Mrs. Booth wrote her first pamphlet on "Female Ministry." A sermon had been preached by a prominent minister of the city denouncing the public work of a well-known American evangelist, the late Mrs. Phœbe Palmer, of New York. Mrs. Booth, hearing of the attack, promptly took up cudgels on Mrs. Palmer's behalf, although she had not herself commenced her ministry of preaching, which afterward became so successful.

With the infinite care and attention to the wording of every sentence and the shaping of every argument which afterward characterized her public utterances, she prepared a pamphlet, covering some thirty-two pages, in which the whole subject was reviewed exhaustively, thus laying one of the main foundation stones of what was afterward to be the Salvation Army superstructure—the right of woman to preach the gospel.

The brochure was written a month before Emma's birth, and about three months later Mrs. Booth entered her husband's pulpit, preached her first sermon, and commenced her career as an evangelist. While nursing Baby Emma she would be preparing the notes of her addresses, for, the ice once broken, invitations kept pouring in

thick and fast from the surrounding cities, and the largest buildings were crowded with expectant crowds.

On Sunday morning, January 8th, 1860, the service in the large Gateshead church had been commenced by the deacons, when, just in time for the sermon, its pastor, William Booth, entered the pulpit, and announced that God had graciously added a fourth child, a daughter, to his family, and then he preached his sermon. That was characteristic of the father.

It was amid the atmosphere of such a home, such parents, and such surroundings that the child was born who was to play so earnest, so active, and so successful a part in the making of the Salvation Army.

CHAPTER II.

Childhood.

1860-1873.

EMMA BOOTH'S religious training began from the time that she could lisp a song or prayer at her mother's knee.

Writing of her when but two years old, her mother mentions that she and her sister could sing very nicely together, "We Are Doin' Home to Dory (Glory)!" She adds in the same letter:

"You are right. Emma does get a fine girl. She is the pet of the family and has a sweet, happy disposition. People stop to admire her in the street, and she is such a talker! Mary was telling her to hush the other day when she was chattering to me. She looked up and said, 'Me not 'peakin' to 'oo! Me 'peakin to mama!' She said to-night, just before she went to bed: 'Me wove (love) mama a million miles! Me wove the Lord wery much! Me go to Heaven when me die!'"

Strange that one of the earliest child utterances should have contained a reference to her death!

During the first five years of Emma's life both her father and mother were engaged in a series of revival services, when thousands were being converted, and an

everlasting impression was made upon the child-mind, which bore blessed fruit in after life.

But great as was the tax of public duties upon her noble mother, Mrs. Booth never for a moment neglected the spiritual welfare of her children.

Referring to these early experiences the Consul herself said in after life:

"I remember how she would gather us round her and pray with us. I used to wear a low frock, and her hot tears would often drop upon my neck, sending a thrill through me which I can never forget. She used to say in her prayers that she would rather her boys should be chimney-sweeps and her girls should be scullery-maids than that we should grow up wicked. Often she would pray aloud, making us repeat the words after her. When I was only about three years old I was saying my prayers once when a lady friend of my mother's happened to be in the room. She told me afterward how I added a little impromptu of my own: 'And, oh, Dod, b'ess de lady and make her bery dood!' She used to say that she never could forget that prayer."

From her very childhood Emma became in a peculiar sense her mother's girl. While Mrs. Booth was most careful not to show any partiality or favoritism, believing that this was the cause of endless misery in many homes, in the case of Emma there seemed to be a marvelous affinity of spirit. Emma herself loved her mother with a passionate devotion that lasted till she closed her eyes in death. But there was not a brother or sister that seemed to grudge Emma her special place in their mother's

heart and confidence—for there was no member of the family who seemed so forgetful of self, so mindful of the interests of her brothers and sisters, or so eager to bear their burdens and share their crosses.

At the early age of seven Emma professed conversion, but her tender conscience led her to often doubt the reality of the change, when she found that she still gave way to temper at times. Determined to finally settle her doubts, she came forward in a meeting and gave herself once more fully to God, when eleven years old.

From her early days Mrs. Booth used to like to take Emma with her to her meetings. Her mother was a preacher of righteousness, of the stern, Puritanic sort. And yet to her meetings would flock the most intelligent and refined people in the cities which she visited. This would not prevent her from denouncing their sins in the most scathing terms.

Describing these wonderful experiences of her childhood in after life, her daughter Emma says:

"I used to tremble sometimes as I sat and listened in her meetings when I was quite a little girl. 'Now they will be offended, and will never come again,' I thought to myself. And sometimes, as I grew older, I would venture to expostulate, as we went home together: 'I think, mama, you were a little too heavy on them to-day!' 'Aye! You are like the rest of them!' she would reply. 'Pleading for the syrup without the sulphur! I guessed that you were feeling so.' But when the time for the next meeting arrived the same people would be there and the crowd would

be larger than ever, and the rows of carriages outside the hall more numerous, and she would pour out her heart upon them, and drag out the sins and selfish indulgences of society, with all their attendant miseries and penalties, as mercilessly as ever."

When unable to accompany her mother to the meetings it was usually Emma's little face that would be flattened against the window-pane to wave her a last farewell, and on her return the first to welcome her at the door would be Emma.

As she grew older and was left in charge of the little ones during the temporary absences of her mother, she would strive to manage them as carefully as though her mother had been there. In fact, as she afterward explained, "I used to imagine that mama was in the room all the time and could see everything that was done, and that was a great help to me."

The very recreation of the children partook of a religious character. They would conduct meetings in the nursery. The children officiated in turns. Pulpit and seats were duly arranged. Dolls and pillows formed the congregation. Singing, addresses and conversions at the penitent-form were carried out on the model which they had seen in their parents' services.

When but ten years old Emma met with a serious accident, her fingers being completely crushed in a closing door. It was a severe shock to her entire system.

Her mother happened to be away from home at the

time, but hurried back as quickly as possible. Hitherto Emma had been the healthiest of the family, with boisterous spirits and a courage that knew not the meaning of fear, and yet mellowed by a tender and affectionate disposition.

Everything that a mother's love and medical skill could devise was done for the little sufferer. The hand quickly recovered and showed no traces of the accident, but it was years before she was able to completely get over the shock to her nerves.

It was perhaps the very acuteness of these sufferings that made her in after life so specially considerate for sufferers. Scores of our officers will bear witness to the infinite personal pains she has taken when sickness has invaded their families. She would not only use her influence to obtain for them the best medical advice, but she would, when possible, visit them herself, or send her confidential secretary, Mrs. Johnson, to do so, and watch the progress of each case, as if she had no other burdens upon her heart.

Brigadier Damon, one of our leading Chicago officers, told me with tears, at the time of her funeral, of how on one occasion, in a blinding storm of rain, she had insisted on visiting their sick baby, who was thought at the time to be dying. Her visit had indeed seemed like that of an angel to the grief-stricken mother, as she advised with her and prayed with her before she left.

And on her last tour, when Buffalo had been reached, tidings having been forwarded to her of the sudden and serious illness of one of our women officers, she both telegraphed and wrote, as if it had been her own sister, promising to call personally upon the sufferer immediately she returned to New York.

These were just ordinary incidents in her life, of which outsiders knew nothing. But in tracing them back to their fountain-head, we may well suppose that in allowing her to pass through such a shadowland of suffering in her childhood, God was preparing her to minister to others.

Mrs. Booth had a great dread of public schools, especially for young children, before their character had been formed. Especially did this dislike extend to boarding schools, as she reckoned that nothing could absolve parents from their personal responsibility for the training of their children. Most of the education of Emma was therefore carried on by means of private tuition at home.

"Her favorite copy," writes one who was for some time her governess, "used to be: 'I love Jesus, yes, I do!'"

There was, however, a small school in the immediate neighborhood of her home which Emma was allowed for a short time to attend, and where her bright, sunny disposition soon made her a general favorite both with teachers and with girls.

Among those who attended was a poor, half-witted child, whose mother had died when she was a baby. Of a strange, unlovable disposition, untidy and careless in her personal appearance, she had become the butt of ridicule among the children until Emma came on the scene. She took the poor child under her wing, protected her from the little persecutions to which she had been subject, combed and plaited her hair, washed her face, scrubbed her hands, and produced such a revolution as surprised all who had previously known her. The father was so deeply touched that he called personally on Mrs. Booth, bringing a huge doll for Emma as a thank offering, as he had heard how passionately fond she was of dolls.

It was while she was at this school that on one occasion the children were told to write an essay upon some subject.

The one prepared by Emma appeared to be so far beyond her years that the teacher taxed her with having copied it from some book, or obtained it from some other source. She could not believe the child's assurances to the contrary, in spite of the character for truthfulness which Emma had enjoyed, till she personally called upon her mother and found that she had received no assistance.

This facility for writing, thinking, or preparing an outline on any subject marked her subsequent life-work in a singular degree. Whether it might be an article for the War Cry, or a picture for the frontispiece, or a

series of subjects for meetings, she was able to suggest topics and outlines, or to criticise and amend any that had been suggested by others, with a rapidity and originality which were truly marvelous.

From "Life Links," a little book published at the time of her wedding; but now out of print, we quote the following touching incident:

When she was ten years old, Emma was out one day, and while trundling her hoop along the path, it slipped from her and shot across the road. There it was picked up for her by a dark-eyed, beautiful girl of about thirteen. A few words followed, which were soon cemented into a close and loving friendship.

Emma Booth was invited to visit her newly-formed acquaintance, who lived in a richly-furnished house near the common where she was accustomed to play. As a rule, Mrs. Booth did not allow her children to mix with strangers, but an exception was gladly made in the present case.

One day Emma learned from her friend that an operation was to be performed upon one of her eyes. She begged hard that Emma would be sure to visit her at a certain hour on the day.

Her friend came forward eagerly to meet her. She looked deadly pale. Her long black hair was hanging loosely over her shoulders. Three doctors were in attendance.

Turning to the mother the girl said: "I want to be left alone with Emma Booth a little, mama." The mother left the room. "You know I'm going to have my eye taken out and a glass one put in; and there's not going to be any chloroform, and I expect that I shall feel the cold steel of the knife dreadfully," said the dear girl. "If you were in my place, what would you do?" "I should pray," quickly replied Emma. Soon the two girls were kneeling together by a chair.

"I think *you* had better pray and ask Jesus to help you," said Emma.

"I can't pray, because I don't believe in Jesus as you believe," was the reply. She was a Jewess.

Intensely timid as she was, Emma felt that she could not back out, and with tears poured out her childish heart in prayer for her friend, who gave her the first kiss they had yet exchanged, as they rose from their knees. "Come again in one hour and a half," said her friend. "It will be over then." Emma left the house and walked round and round the common, watching the hands of the clock in a neighboring tower. Never did time seem to pass so slowly. In her agony she wept and cried out with anguish at the thought of the terrible suffering through which her friend was passing. Oh, if she could only have given both her own eyes instead, it seemed as if it would have been so easy!

At length she was able to return, and entered the house

COMMANDER F. DE L. BOOTH TUCKER.

with a beating heart. She was shown into the room in which the poor sufferer was lying. It had been made pitch dark.

"Is that Emma Booth?" said the familiar voice. "Hush, you must not speak one word," exclaimed the mother, who was present.

A hand was stretched across the bed and placed round Emma's neck, drawing her ear close to the sufferer's face; "it's all over," she whispered. "And I think your Jesus must have helped me bear it. I can believe in Him now."

A thrill of joy went through Emma's heart. She felt that her friend was converted. From that time constantly she became a visitor to the house, and the little Jewess asked her to bring her Bible with her and read from it, seeming to drink in every word thirstily.

When Emma came she would ask, "Have you brought your Bible with you?"

At times, when her rich parents would talk to her about getting her a gold watch and chain, or a horse to ride, as soon as she had recovered, the dear girl would seem to shrink back as if she did not care to hear such things spoken of in Emma's presence. The mother would try and interest her child by promising her presents "when she was beautiful again."

There was no such talk as that to which Emma was accustomed to listen in her own home from her own

loved parents, and she began to realize that the children of the rich might be as destitute of spiritual things as the dirtiest little street Arab in the slums of London.

The two friends parted, never perhaps to meet again till the resurrection morning, when Emma expects to see again her Jewish child-convert.

CHAPTER III.

Childhood (continued).

1868-1873.

FROM the life of her mother, I cull the following incident regarding the early days of Emma Booth:

"It was when Emma was a girl of thirteen, during Mrs. Booth's first visit to Portsmouth, that an incident occurred which serves to illustrate the intense hatred of cruelty with which her children were all from the first inspired. Emma was out for her usual walk with the governess, when a donkey-cart drove past, and she noticed the boy belaboring the donkey with a stick. She called out to him to desist, but he only laughed and hit the harder. Snatching herself away from the governess Emma ran after the cart, and after a long chase at length overtook it and caught the reins. The boy leaped down and tried to pull the donkey away. But he found his match for once. Snatching the stick from his hand, Emma showered her blows upon his head and shoulders, saying, 'There now! How do *you* like it?' The boy was a strong young fellow, and could no doubt have easily turned the tables on his assailant. But her tears and pleadings proved more powerful than her blows. He was too surprised and touched, and surrendered unconditionally, promising never to repeat his cruelty, and kneeling, at her request, beside the donkey in the dusty road to ask God to pardon his sin.

"As they rose from their knees the conquered ruffian apologized for having brought her so far out of her way,

and offered to drive her back. Seated beside him in the donkey-cart she rode home in triumph, admiring the little steed, and exhorting the lad to feed it well and treat it with every kindness. In the meantime the governess had returned to complain of Emma's rashness, but the delighted mother listened with undisguised pleasure to the tale and clasped with joy her daughter to her heart, rejoicing most of all at the happy sequel to the brave attempt."

An anecdote of a similar and striking character is told of Emma when she was but a child of eleven. A member of the family having been stricken with smallpox, the others were hastily sent away to the country house of a friend, who had kindly placed it at their disposal for the emergency. Happily the prompt action of the mother prevented the dread disease from attacking the other children.

It was during their stay at this place that the incident occurred to which reference has been made.

While staying here, one evening a fisherwoman called at the house selling crabs and lobsters. Emma happened to overhear her talking to the servant, and telling how, the night before, she had had quite a fright because one of the lobsters had jumped out of the pot when the water began to boil. The horror-stricken girl heard the woman explain how, in order to prevent them from casting their claws, they were put in alive when the water was tepid, and how, when it began to boil, they would scream like children and jump about till they were dead.

Rushing to her elder brother, Bramwell, who was then in charge of the party, she begged permission to go that very evening to the fisherman's cottage and expostulate with them for their cruelty. It was in vain that her brother argued that the next day would do, and offered himself immediately to write a letter dealing with them regarding the matter. Nothing but an immediate visit from herself that very evening would suffice.

Finally, her persuasions carried the day, and armed with a lantern to light the way through the dark country lanes, and accompanied by her nurse, Emma started out for her three miles' trudge to the cottage.

Arrived there, she found that the fisherman and his wife had retired for the night, and it was only after some time had been spent in hammering loudly at the door that, finally, a head was cautiously thrust out of the upper window of the cottage.

"Be't you, miss?" said the fisherman, and on learning that the child wanted to see his wife on urgent business, the old couple hurriedly dressed and came down.

Emma left the nurse outside, fearing that she would not be able to speak as freely and as strongly as she desired in the presence of a third party. This was a practice to which she always adhered in after life, when wishing to deal faithfully with anybody in regard to any faults or shortcomings.

We can picture to ourselves with what impassioned

earnestness the child-prophetess poured out the pent-up feelings of her heart, and this with such effect that the fisherman and his wife were soon on their knees weeping, while Emma prayed with them that their sin might be forgiven, and pledged them that it should not be repeated.

Then, happy at the success of her mission, she trudged her homeward way, resting at times on some heap of stones, or seeking to hide her weariness, lest she should distress her nurse. On reaching the house, she was welcomed warmly by her brother, who listened with pleasure and pride to the story of her interview and then fixed up her cot near his, lest the horror of the lobsters' sufferings should disturb her sleep.

On another occasion, seeing from her nursery window two boys fighting in the park opposite, she flew downstairs, rushed out and separated the combatants, speaking to them in such a way that she made them shake hands with one another, and left them in tears.

Although unable to take part in public meetings, like her elder brothers and sisters, owing to her delicate health, she would stay cheerfully at home and amuse the little ones, and when the others returned from the meeting she would rejoice as much over their victories as though they had been her own, and look after the preparation of their supper for them.

Adjutant Polly Parkins, who was at this time in Mrs.

Booth's home, gives an interesting glimpse of another side of Emma's character as a child, her prayerfulness.

"When the others were away at their meetings, Emma would pray and plead with God for them with tears of earnestness. For at that time she never thought her health would allow her to do any public work. Indeed the very mention of such a thing made her ill.

"I am sure," adds the Adjutant, "that her greatest strength was prayer. If I missed her for a time, I would feel anxious, wondering if she was suffering from one of the sudden faints to which she was subject. But usually I found her kneeling by her mother's bedside, her head on her arms, pouring out her soul to God, and nothing pleased her more than when I could spare time to pray with her for the meetings that were being held.

"Her Bible, too, was her constant companion.

"But her greatest joy was in making others happy. Once when Mrs. Booth was away, we had something which Emma specially liked for dinner. But, just as we were going to begin, a poor ragged woman passed the window. Without saying a word, Emma snatched up her plate, flew upstairs to the front door, beckoned to the woman, and stood watching while she ate the food. Then she came back to the dining-room, so happy that she did not seem to care for any dinner herself.

"It was always the same. She never seemed really at rest but when she was making others happy."

Still younger was she when we get another little insight into her tender-heartedness, which may best perhaps be described in the following versified narrative:

THE CANARY AND THE LARK.

Some friends once to a little child
A bright canary give;
She for the gift with joy is wild—
"To think that it does live!
My dolly is but stuffed with bran,
And cannot sing nor talk;
Except when carried it ne'er ran,
It could not even walk!
I like to turn my skipping-rope,
Or hoop before me drive,
But ne'er for such a pet did hope,
One that is all alive!
See how it flies from perch to perch,
With plumage bright and gay,
Now pecks about for food in search,
Then sings a joyous lay!"

Another, too, its songs had heard—
A cat, owned by a boy
Who lived close by, had marked that bird,
Had marked but to destroy.
The scattered feathers and blood-streaks
Told to the house their tale,
While pussy through the garden sneaks;
The little girl stands pale
And horror-struck, to see her pet,
Whom she had often fed,
Had thus with such a sad fate met—
Her Dickey lying dead!
From mouth to mouth the sad news went,
And reached the gen'rous boy,

Who for a lark his last pence spent,
  Hoping to cause her joy.
Touched by the thoughtful act, the child
  Her tearful eyes did lift,
And to the lad her thanks she smiled,
  Accepting the kind gift.
Then to her mother's side she goes
  And asks, "Will this one die?
What if I free it from its woes?
  Shall I just let it fly?"
"Do as you think that God desires,"
  The mother wisely says,
And early thus her child inspires
  For warfare's coming days.
Quickly the cage is carried out,
  Wide open is the door,
Thus settled is the childish doubt,
  The bird is free once more!
And as it springs up high in air,
  Its thank-song deeply sinks
Into her heart as she stands there,
  Forgotten ne'er, methinks.

Thus even from a little child
  God can His praise ordain,
So innocent and undefiled,
  Free from all earthly stain.
He often doth reveal His will,
  Not to the aged seer,
But to His little Samuels still,
  While Elis cannot hear!

At the age of thirteen her eldest brother, Bramwell, who was by this time actively engaged in assisting his parents in their work, and who was ever a pillar of strength to the younger members of the family, persuaded

Emma to conduct some children's services in their home at Hackney. But it was not till three years later that he could overcome her natural timidity and persuade her to commence any kind of public speaking.

It was seldom that their ever-watchful mother would consent to allow any of her children to visit at the house of friends, and when she did so, it was only where she knew that there would be no serious danger from worldly surroundings. Nor did even these precautions satisfy her deep sense of responsibility. A constant and regular correspondence was kept up by Mrs. Booth with her children during these temporary absences. Her letters were full of wise and spiritual advice. The following is an extract from a letter received by Emma from her mother when she was twelve years old:

"I was very pleased with your letter. You see where your mistake is; now take hold of the Holy Spirit to remedy it. When you are crying to the Lord to give you back your blessing, believe that He does it just then, and afterward, if Satan says, 'No, you have not got it,' and tempts you to feel naughty, say, 'Oh, yes, I have. I believe God does give it to me, for I am trusting in Him!' If Satan won't leave you, run away again to your chamber, and keep saying, 'Jesus, I do believe in Thee. Thou art all in all to me, and I am Thine—all Thine!' If you will keep doing this Satan must fly. He cannot stand long before faith. I should like you to get this blessing back before going to Clifton. You know many eyes will be on you there, and you will exert an influence on those little boys very important. You must tell them about Jesus and His salvation, and you cannot do this rightly unless you

have power to live well. Watch much. You know, my child, how useless it is to try to be a Christian unless we watch over ourselves."

One other incident of her child-life should be mentioned as showing the sensitiveness of her conscience and her determination at all costs to do her duty.

Mrs. Booth had sent Emma to the dentist. Being unable to accompany her, owing to other urgent matters which required attention, she had sent with her their devoted nurse. After reaching the dental parlor, however, the child's courage completely failed her, and in spite of all persuasions she would not allow the offending tooth to be extracted. The dentist, who was a Christian man, reminded her that being the daughter of such parents she ought to be willing to abide by their wishes. But she was firm in her refusal and finally started for home. On her way the thought suddenly struck her that she might have hurt the dentist in his soul. This greatly distressed her. She asked the nurse if she thought this might be so. The latter felt it was quite possible, but was unwilling to return, fearing that the child's courage might again fail her. But nothing could satisfy her till she had returned and told the dentist personally that she feared lest her lack of courage should have hurt his soul. She had come to beg him not to let this be the case, and to endure patiently whatever he might think best. Tears filled the dentist's eyes as he assured her that if any harm

had before been caused it was certainly more than undone by her present words and actions. The child bravely enduring for the sake of another's soul the pain from which she would herself have naturally shrunk was an illustration of Emma's after life.

CHAPTER IV.

Youth.

1874-1880.

Owing to the serious accident already referred to, it was necessary for Emma in her early youth to avoid the excitement of public speaking. In fact, her natural timidity made her feel that it would never be possible for her to imitate in this respect the example of her mother or of her elder sister.

But this did not prevent her from undertaking meetings among children. Here she felt happy and at home, and for some time she cherished the hope that this would be her life-work.

With all the tenderness of an elder brother, Bramwell encouraged her to go forward, helping her to gather together the children in the neighborhood, and aiding her with spiritual advice.

The following extracts are from letters written to her brother in 1876, when Emma was sixteen years of age, during his temporary absence in Scotland, where he had gone to avoid a threatened breakdown in health:

"I *want* to work for *God* and *souls*, but I am afraid I

shall not be able to do it in the way that Katie does, but in some other way. That will do, will it not?"

* * * * * *

"Mr. X—— came to see us the other night. I was out driving. When I came back he was here, but I would not go in. He is a nice fellow, but he is unsaved in every sense of the word, and therefore I keep out of the way."

* * * * * *

"London—
"I will not say East or West.
"Either June, July or August.

"I am sitting thinking, thinking, in front of nine flowers, some in bloom, some out, *dead* out—thinking until I feel as if I would give my *all*—what little it is, still it would be all—to be good, and until I want you to come home and help me. You say I am to go to God. I have been.

"I wish I could always *be* good, and *do* good, and *say* good, but I can't, and so it is no use wishing.

"I strongly advise you to come from under the care of Mr. X——, Esq., and come under mine. Of course the air is very good for you and the riding very delicious, but then you have so much time for thinking, and there is a possibility of your thinking about something else besides Latin declensions, even while you are declining them.

"Do cheer up and feel happy. I feel sure there is 'gold in the sky' *somewhere*, even if we cannot see it.

"I send you as much love as will go for a penny and this.

"Your sister for ever and ever, Moss."

* * * * * *

"St. Leonard's.

"My head is outrageously bad to-night, and I feel somehow out of sorts and altogether queer. Not that I want you to telegraph this to mama, because I have been much better since I have been here.

"I know I am a disgraceful girl not to write, but some-

how I have dreaded letter-writing ever since I have been at St. Leonard's. In fact, I believe I would rather do any mortal thing than write one, with the exception of preaching a sermon, which I do not intend to do yet awhile, if ever, whatever the future hopes of the world may be. No, I am afraid I was not born for a parson, much as I should like to be one for *your* sake."

Her work among children, however, proved a valuable training ground for her. With her younger sister Eva as her helper, and with all the elder members of the household shut out, under strict orders not to listen at the door, she would hold her meeting in the schoolroom. Previous to the little service she would scrub and brush in the scullery any of the children who appeared to need it, for her religious work always had a tinge of practicality about it. The meeting was no mere Bible class, but a definite effort to get the children converted, and frequently they would have a row of weeping penitents at the chairs, and would point them to the Saviour.

Her mother tells us that Emma's heart was so tender and sympathetic that she almost dreaded sending her out for her daily walk, so deeply was she affected by the sight of any suffering. Again and again would she return with her heart harrowed on account of some little shoeless, shivering child whom she had seen. The pennies of her pocket money were saved with scrupulous care for "the very most forlorn children."

Her timidity in regard to platform efforts did not pre-

vent her from earnestly seeking the salvation of individual souls. The following touching incident is culled from the Consul's address at her wedding, some twelve years later:

"I remember a particular occasion when God helped me as perhaps never before. I was somewhere between fifteen and sixteen, when one day, on my way to the little Hackney Mission Hall, as we then called it, I met a rough-looking man. He was standing up against a stone wall, and I was walking to the meeting with somebody, whom I left because I thought I should have a better chance of getting the man to come, and something in my soul made me realize that his need was very great indeed. Stepping across the road I spoke to him, and at last succeeded in getting him to come with me to the hall. That night that man was saved.

"I found afterwards that he was a prodigal boy—a boy who had been away from home for years. Though a man now, he had left it when quite young. I asked him if he would like me to go home with him. He was crying very much. He had been telling out the long catalogue of sins at Christ's feet; but a new ray of happiness lit up his face as we trotted off together to find that little mother's home. Of course, not being there, you would not understand my feelings, but I shall never forget the impression that little mother's face made upon my heart. She was very short, and her face was very wan. As she lifted her arms to get them round this long-lost boy's neck I thought she would never have succeeded, for he was a very big man indeed. As he knelt down at her feet she put her arms round him, and their tears mixed together. As she talked to him, some of the sentences seemed written upon my heart never to be effaced: 'With every blessing I have asked at my breakfast I have prayed for you; and every time I have been out in the open-air meetings I have

looked for you! Indeed, all my life, Ben, has been a sort of hunt after you!'

"As I left them there, weeping and praising God together, and went home, I looked up through the darkness of that night into Christ's face, and said: 'Lord, let that be so with me; whatever I have and am, let that be my experience, known in heaven and known amongst all who shall know me down here, that my whole life may be a sort of hunt after those whom Thou didst die to redeem—whether eating or drinking, single or married, or whatever comes to me—that I may be able to say equally, when I recognize the prodigals whom Thou shalt help even me to bring home, my whole existence has been a sort of hunt after them, and that my supreme joy was in their salvation.'"

As a consequence of her illness, Emma was liable in her youth to severe attacks of depression. Happy was it for her that she was able at these times to unburden her heart freely to her mother. The following letter was written by her when she was fifteen:

"3 Gore Road, 5th November, 1875.

"My Very Dear Mama:—

"I should like to know very much *who* informed you that my last letter was a *school* one, or that it was not a *heart* letter?

"Well, I suppose I must begin my heart performance, for I see there is no way of getting out of it. I wonder how heart performances *look* when they are written down on *paper*. I should like to know very much how *mine* looks. I wonder if it looks like most girls' of fifteen years? Sometimes I think it does, and sometimes I think there never was another heart like mine.

"You see, it is so *full—what of* is quite another question, and what is more I cannot tell you. Perhaps you do

not need telling. You remember when you were fifteen yourself. That is what most mothers *forget*. And no wonder. They have no *time* to make castles in the air! No! There is the baby to attend to. They have no time to think of a golden future. No. Their mind is fully occupied with the present.

"There is Tommy wants a new pair of breeches, and Bessie a new hat, and, most of all, papa's tea wants getting ready, and she must get a smiling face and sparkling eye ready to meet him. Of course she must! As if she had had nothing but golden futures and castles in the air to think about since she saw him last!

"And yet that is just what girls' hearts are full of—mind you, that is not to say *mine* is. But there, they look at it in another light. 'Yes,' you say, 'I know they do think about Tommy's breeches and Bessie's hat. Go on, please. I allow they think about getting papa's tea ready and a smiling face, etc., to meet him.'

"I beg your pardon. They think about everything else as well. They must do something to get a living, at least most of them must, and those that need not, well, all I have to say is, it would do them more good than sitting at home trying to find out whether they have delicate constitutions, and sipping port wine to make themselves believe so. If they had a patch to put on Tommy's breeches and to use their *useless* brains in planning out how much or how many can be got for sixpence three farthings.

"'Well, but then,' you say, 'Emma, I am surprised at *you* talking in this way. Do you mean to tell me you do not think there is anything better worth living for than patching breeches and planning money? That is all very well for those who do not know better, but *you*, after all your training, you could live for precious souls, and even if it is not quite so comfortable down here, think, oh, think! Emma, of your reward in heaven when you look round and see those who have been brought to God under your instrumentality.'

"Well, you are jumping at conclusions again very quickly, Mama dear. I never said *my* heart was full of it, or that I ever did such a thing in my life as build a castle in the air, or think of a golden future. When I do I will consider whether I will let you know!

"I am very sorry—so sorry that it is no use to attempt to put it into words—to hear that you are so poorly. I do pray for you, that God will bless you and yet quite restore you to perfect health and strength.

"And now I must say good-bye to my poor little heart letter.

"With very, very much love to my own dear Mother,

"Your loving,

"EMMA MOSS."

To this letter Mrs. Booth sent her the following beautiful and helpful reply, which is the more interesting as it gives her mother's own estimate of her character at this early period (1875):

"MY VERY DEAR EMMA:

"I hope you are recovering from the fit of dumps into which you had fallen when you wrote me. I note all you say, and am quite willing to admit that most girls of fifteen would feel very much as you did about Katie coming, my being away, etc. But then, my Emma is not one of these 'most girls.' She has more sense, more dignity of character, and, above all, more religion. She only got into the dumps, and for once felt and spoke like 'one of the foolish women!'

"Well, that is all over now, and I doubt not she is herself again, acting as my representative, taking all manner of responsibility and interest in her brothers and sisters—tired often with them but never tired of them—acting the daughter to her dear, precious papa, the mother and sister to Ballington, and the faithful, watchful friend to the whole household. I know that is her character, and I

shall not receive any opinion that would contradict it, even from herself.

"My dear child, don't grow weary in well doing, or in enduring. The reward is always greater than the sacrifice. Jesus 'reigns', and He will never forget the work of faith and the labor of love which nobody else sees. When a friend does a secret kindness we say, 'Ah, it was not only a great kindness, but the way in which it was done was so nice, so acceptable, that it made it double the value. There was no splash, no fuss, no telling folks and talking about sacrifice. It was all so quiet, so hidden, but so real.' 'Verily, verily, I say unto you, a cup of cold water shall not lose its reward.'

"Jesus feels very much as we do. Only He knows how to reward, and He won't forget! Bless His name, my dear child, and take courage. You will share in the spoils, the eternal spoils, of my victory in this place, for there will be spoils, such as will be eternally saved. Pray much for me, that the Lord will supply all my needs, physical and spiritual. Your ever loving mother,

"CATHERINE BOOTH."

Writing to her a little later, Mrs. Booth says:

"Yes, I know all about it, more than you think I do. But this is only the infancy of our being, and it is better to possess these capacities of loving, even if they are never filled in this world, because there is a grand realization for them in the next. 'That they all may be one, as Thou, Father, art in Me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in Us.' 'I will also that they whom Thou hast given Me be with Me where I am, that they may behold My glory.' This is the consummation for the Bride, the Lamb's wife. And what can be a greater fulness of bliss than for a bride to behold her bridegroom's glory? She only finds her own in his; therefore here is fulness of joy forever. We are made for larger ends than earth can compass. Oh, let us be true to our exalted destiny, and hold every earthly love

and joy as secondary to our Heavenly! The Lord bless you, and give you as much of earth as He sees will prepare you for Himself!

"Do I love you as much as ever? What a superfluous question! I cannot measure my love for you by degrees. It is of the sort that knows nothing of decrease or increase. It is always full. I repose in you the most sacred trust, and this is the highest proof of love and confidence. I only hope the Lord may find you one to take my place who will love you with half as strong and unselfish a love. I believe He will."

It was in 1877, during her stay at St. Leonard's, that Emma Booth for the first time spoke in public. Her mother writes the following interesting account of this occurrence in a letter to a friend:

"You will be surprised to hear that Emma spoke in the Hall here on Sabbath last. I could not believe it, but it was so. We have a good little woman evangelist here, who is struggling with a lot of rough, poor people, and she had so enlisted Emma's sympathy and won her heart as to get her to promise to help her, though it was more than she had hoped to persuade her to take a service. On Sunday night, however, to her astonishment, Emma went on the platform and took a hymn-book and began as though she had been at it for twelve months. She preached from Isaiah, tenth chapter, third verse, and they all say she did wonderfully. Not a hesitancy or apparent qualm. She tells me that she felt unutterable things, but was enabled to keep calm outside. There were five souls sought salvation—a real triumph for this place."

Thus simply and without ostentation was commenced the public and platform career, which played so important a part in Emma Booth's life-work during the next

twenty-six years, placing her in the very forefront among the women speakers of her day. It soon became evident that so far from her own estimate being correct as to her gifts not being in this direction, she possessed a platform ability of no ordinary character, and a voice of remarkable richness and carrying power, which could be distinctly heard in the largest auditoriums that she was destined afterward to occupy. In fact, when undergoing treatment for a temporary attack of hoarseness, Sir Morell Mackenzie, the specialist, stated that her throat was among the best he had ever known for public speaking. Her distinct enunciation, the easy flow of language, the originality of her ideas, together with the wonderful forcefulness, and yet pathos, in their expression, combined to mark her out as one of nature's orators, of the "born, not made" type.

Nevertheless in these early years it was the platform that constituted her peculiar cross, and it was only the strong and overpowering sense of duty that finally enabled her to overcome the intense shrinking from publicity that characterized her.

It was when Emma was eighteen that what had hitherto been known as the Christian Mission was converted into the Salvation Army. The change of name was followed by an immense increase in activity. The adoption of military titles, uniforms and measures gave a new impetus to the work.

In the choice of the uniform of the women workers Emma was able to afford her mother great assistance. While the General and Mrs. Booth saw clearly the great importance of severe simplicity and non-worldliness in the dress of their officers, they were equally opposed to their workers appearing in a needlessly unbecoming attire.

They had already encountered considerable difficulties in this respect. On the one hand there was a tendency among some of the women evangelists to verge dangerously near the foolish fashions of the world. On the other hand, there were some who utterly lacked taste, and in their effort to be plain made themselves ridiculous. To avoid these dangers it was decided to adopt a uniform.

It was not difficult to come to a decision in regard to the plain blue gown, but it was by no means so easy to decide upon a distinctive head-dress. Shutting themselves up in a room with bonnets of various sizes and descriptions, Mrs. Booth and her daughter Emma tried first one and then another. Finally the now famous Hallelujah bonnet was decided upon and became part of the uniform, helping no little in giving the Salvation Army girl her distinctive character, and in enabling her to win her way into the hearts and homes of the people.

To the women-officers who were now sent out in constantly increasing numbers belongs a large share of the credit for the wonderful progress made during the next

few years. Especially were they welcomed by the churchless masses, for whose salvation General and Mrs. Booth had so specially consecrated their lives.

The following letter, written by Mrs. Booth to her daughter Emma, gives an interesting description of the tidal wave of salvation that the adoption of the new methods had helped to inaugurate:

"Yes, I want you to come. Try and get the children into a good state of soul before you leave them. The Mayor was at the meeting the other night. When shaking hands with me he said, 'This is a most wonderful movement!' Next Sunday we shall have, at the lowest calculation, 9,000 people at our places in these two towns alone! Hundreds of the greatest roughs have been converted. And all through the instrumentality of six young women—humble, simple souls, full of love and zeal. Truly, God hath chosen the weak things!

"Oh, my dear child, it makes me long to see you all at it in some way or other! Tell Eva and Lucy to get on and to get ready, but above all to keep their souls right. It is not to the clever or to the talented or educated that these things are given, but to the whole-hearted and spiritual. It was so in Christ's day, and it is so now.

"We had a grand crush last night, and I trust something was done for Eternity; but, oh, dear! there are plenty of discouragements everywhere. The devil must be stronger and wiser on his lines than we give him credit for. I got some comfort this morning from Revelations, 10th chapter, 7th verse (the mystery of God should be finished). If God calls His plan with the earth 'the mystery', how vain is it for us to try to understand it; but what a comfort to realize that the time is coming when it will be 'finished'! What a joy to see it if we are on the right side. We must

roll the responsibility on Him, and go on in faith, that the result will be worth the cost.

"Your 'Training Home girls' look well and happy. I allowed myself to be drawn in an open invalid's chair at the head of the procession last night, a gazing-stock to the town! I felt a little of the meaning of Paul's glorying in the Cross! Oh, what poor little shamefaced soldiers we are, after all!

"I note the discouraging circumstances you name. True, there is much to deplore everywhere, but we cannot help it. We have to do the best we can with the material we have, as the poor Lord has to do with us all. What an undertaking He must have on His hands! I was never so able to understand the sufferings of Christ in enduring the contradiction of sinners as I am now. The whole work of saving men is a work of suffering from the beginning to the end. But, then, saviours must not draw back. The Lord help us."

CHAPTER V.

The Training Home.

1880-1888.

In 1880 a Women's Training Home was established by General Booth for the preparation of women workers for officership in the Salvation Army. It was placed under the charge of Miss Emma Booth. The first Home accommodated twenty girls and was quickly filled. A few months later a similar home was opened for young men, and placed under the management of one of her brothers.

Shortly afterward a large orphanage, covering some two and a half acres of land, and admirably suited for our purposes, was offered for sale to General Booth. Several visits of inspection were made, and the quick eye of the General saw that the place would make an admirable Training Home, with a wing for men and another for women, accommodating about three hundred cadets in all. What had hitherto been a large quadrangle could also be converted into a fine auditorium, capable of seating from 4,000 to 5,000 persons.

It was the greatest financial venture the Army had

hitherto attempted; but apart from monetary considerations all were agreed that the premises were admirably suited for Army purposes.

During one of the visits Miss Booth, Commissioner Howard, and one or two of the Staff were inspecting the rooms when Miss Booth suggested that they should have a time of special prayer regarding the matter. Then and there they dropped upon their knees and asked the Lord that the building might be acquired. Prayer was answered, and a few weeks later the famous International Congress Hall and Training Homes passed into the hands of the Army, and became one of its most successful battle-grounds.

The system of training here established was of a thoroughly practical character. Young men and women who had offered themselves for the work were received—taught the methods, principles and doctrines of the Salvation Army, instructed in the Bible, public speaking and visitation, and generally trained to be prayerful, holy, happy, energetic winners of souls.

Miss Booth manifested from the first a remarkable aptitude for this kind of work. Her insight into character, and her endless patience in developing what existed and adding what might be lacking, enabled her to make out of some of the most unpromising material successful and devoted officers, while from the more able and daring she selected her Staff of assistants.

Between her and these helpers there sprang up a warm, mutual attachment, which carried one back to the days of Christ and His Apostles, and seemed to give a beautiful illustration of the way in which the same spirit could accomplish similar results, whether in London or in Palestine.

From 1880 to 1888 Emma Booth was popularly known in the Home and among Salvationists as "The Training Home Mother," for, young as she was, she held no other title but that of Miss Emma, or Miss Booth. Helping to dispense titles to hundreds of others yearly, and with officers of all ranks gladly accepting her authority, she sought no recognition for herself. And yet the firm, sweet will swayed those homes with unquestioned power. Indeed, the rule of love was never and nowhere more absolute than in the hearts of those Training Home girls. Scattered by thousands all over the world to-day, not one but reveres the name of Emma Booth.

For some of her Staff she had special names, expressive of qualities which she desired to impress upon their hearts—Steadfast, Victory, Faithful, Forward, Violent. The last of these was based on the text, "The Kingdom of Heaven suffers violence and the violent take it by force." (Matt. xi, 12.)

Not only were her Staff selected with admirable judgment, but they were well organized, and the various responsibilities committed to them were carefully defined

and intelligently executed. They were advised, guided, directed, impelled by the strong, yet gentle, personality of Miss Booth. Beautiful were the letters that she sent to them from time to time. The following is one among many such:

"One word to seal on paper the agreement made to-night. New days and new victories are before you, and although they must mean new and unknown battles, hard and dark contests, yet an eternal conquest can be the daily result. Christ the *Saviour* was a conqueror over Christ the *man*, and He will live again in you, to lift you up and beyond yourself. Not that He will or wants to extract your feelings, but simply to make you, together with Him, a monarch over and in spite of them!

"Oh, my K——, it all can be so! There *is power*, strength, sufficiency in accordance and equal to all you require.

"I feel and know God has given you much light. Walk in it. Weary not. The strong and courageous soldier shall possess the land. I want the object!—an Army of blood-washed, God-kept, warrior women who shall stand at nothing, victorious over sin and self, such as shall be used on earth and meet to spend eternity with Him.

"Hurry on with me toward this. We must be equal to the chance. The promises are sure! I want you to climb up to God and know from Him direct His wishes, and then for your whole life to be the fulfillment of them.

"As for me, I am here to help you, to suffer with and for you. But by contract unchanging you know my life is given to the *many*. I cannot sacrifice the greater for the *few*, even should I sometimes be tempted to. But if you rise with me, to seek the same only, first, always, then as my girl, my soldier, comrade, friend, I own you, and ever ready on these lines to serve you is YOUR MOTHER."

There was not a single department or detail of the Training Homes which did not from time to time receive Miss Booth's personal oversight, down to tasting the cadet's cup of tea in order to see if it had enough sugar, or visiting the dormitories at night to find out whether they had sufficient warm blankets on the beds.

In sickness she was indeed as a ministering angel. The severe suffering through which she had passed in her earlier youth seemed to have awakened in her heart the tenderest sympathy for the sick. A cup of tea from "The Mother's" own table, made with her own hand and shared with the sufferers at their bedside, proved a more powerful tonic than the best prescription that the doctor could devise.

In one instance a cadet appeared to be dying. Finding out from the doctor that the crisis would recur for several nights at about 2 a. m., she was there each night to cheer her in the struggle for life, with the result that the cadet recovered, became an officer, and has spent years upon the field.

One of her assistants, Major Drabble, tells of how Miss Booth visited her when seriously ill in the hospital. Finding that the Major was not being treated with sufficient kindness or consideration, she made immediate arrangements for her removal, coming herself the next day to fetch her and preparing for her a comfortable room next to her own office, where she could personally

supervise everything and drop in amid her many engagements for a few words of prayer or cheer which were so precious to the sufferer.

Before the removal of the patient from the hospital, however, she asked to see the superintendent and the matron. In vain did they send messages desiring to be excused. She must deliver her soul for the sake of the other patients whom she was unable to remove, but over whose sufferings her heart was bleeding. What passed at those interviews none but those to whom she spoke knew, for it was her custom at such times to exclude all listeners. But the matron, a hard, cold character, was in tears at the conclusion of her interview.

In times of sorrow and bereavement Miss Booth's sympathy was boundless. It seemed impossible for a shadow to cross the face or lives of those around her without "The Mother" finding it out, however anxiously they might seek to hide it. "What is the matter?" she inquired of one such. "You are sad about something. There is a burden on your heart and you have not told me." "I was thinking of my mother," said the girl. "Let me kiss you for your mother," she said tenderly, and the "sorrow shared" was "a sorrow more than halved!"

From another of her Staff she learned that her mother was much opposed to the Army. Gladly she arranged to call upon the mother, who afterward wrote to her daugh-

ter to say that Miss Booth had been to see her, but that she was "not the Salvation Army, she was an angel dropped down from the skies!"

"Just the mere actual work Miss Booth did in the Training Home was something terrible," says one of her Staff. She used to come in the morning, meet her heads of departments, hurry through the most pressing of her letters, and then go into the lecture room, to use every fibre of her being in the most intense sort of public speaking for an hour, then come out, take a cup of cocoa, and go straight at her "personals" (interviews with cadets) for the rest of the day.

"Her lectures were always forceful and original. She has cultivated the art of saying deep things simply, of making all matters whereon she dwells clear to minds unwonted to close thought. She gathers illustrations diligently from walks of daily life familiar to her listeners. 'Mothers' lectures' have been carried in little scrawled blank books all over the world. The unrecorded inspiration breathed through them has vivified 'dry bones' in the valleys of all countries. One we heard, years ago, from the text, 'Happy is he that condemneth not himself in the thing which he alloweth,' stands out in our memory as fresh as ever. We expect to see it written on the pages of the Judgment Day book, if it opens at last for us on an unblotted record of failure, so keenly and pointedly did it map out the line of little indulgences, of tiny scraps of worldliness, of self-excusings, by which one might trace for herself a way to hell through the very Training Home of the Salvation Army!

"They were intensely practical talks.

"'If Christ had laid down Calvary, He might have gone

THE CONSUL IN 1884.

and written some very beautiful poetry, but the spirit would have fled from Him,' is again one of her sentences burned into our memory. Doubtless every Training Home girl has her own little store.

"Somehow, many of Miss Booth's sayings were unforgetable, even by the women who found them incomprehensible.

"'I see now what the Mother meant when she said so and so!' has cried, from the heart of a deepened experience, many a girl who sat taking stolid notes of lecture after lecture, jotting down sentences, which to her were only words stored away, till God brought her nearer the speaker's standpoint.

"Few field girls but can recall, for the help and cheer of their own hours of weakness and weariness, more than one day when they saw Miss Booth leaning on a chair, almost too exhausted to stand, through the fiery address she would give them; or some time when they crept into her room for the 'personal', grieving silently over the bandaged brow and throbbing temples which she was disregarding in her passionate eagerness for their advancement.

"'I think the first thing that helped me was Miss Booth sitting down on the floor beside me,' quoth one girl whom she pulled through a most dreadful time of the blackness of darkness of despairing skepticism. 'I flung myself down on the hearth-rug just desperate, and she sat down by me and put her arms around me there.'

"The deep, yearning love she had for the women God has given her 'out of the world' cannot be understood at any shallow stage of Christian experience! Her long patience with any one she believed good at bottom was a thing more evident upon the surface. So long as it was possible she kept up personal correspondence with every woman in the field, to the number of 700, and her letters were a real answering of theirs, and a thoughtful, prayerful meeting of their difficulties and anxieties."

The "personals" above referred to were one great secret of her power. Every cadet who entered the Home was made by her a separate life-study. She never attempted to make one a ditto of another. Intensely natural herself, she expected each girl to be the same. Recognizing that the brilliant character would often lack in steadiness, and the steady in brilliance, she would seek to link them together, so that the one might supply what the other needed.

These "personals" did not consist in the mere expression of kind words and prayers. Their main object was rather to find out and remedy the weak spots in each cadet's character. No second ear was allowed to hear what passed, and her own hand applied the balm to the wounds which in faithfulness she had made. She seemed to know each girl better than they knew themselves.

In order to help them strengthen the weak side of their character she would advise them to embroider across their jackets or jerseys the word which indicated their greatest need. Were they timid, her watchword would be "Courage." Were they troubled with doubts and fears, she would write across their hearts "Faith."

And frequently she would advise some member of her Staff to write in the fly-leaf of some cadet's Bible a verse which she had selected and which she thought would be specially helpful to them.

Before the session closed it was her custom to take

the cadets for a day's outing to Epping Forest. This was not merely a day of enjoyment, but the time was carefully planned and spent in prayer and praise, while it was here under the canopy of trees that she would deliver to them her final charge before sending them forth on their life-work.

As the 'buses drove away with contingent after contingent going to the various trains, the last sight that the cadets caught and treasured in their memories was that of "Mother" standing on the steps of the Clapton Congress Hall and waving her handkerchief to them till they disappeared from sight.

When cadets were ordered to other countries she would not infrequently accompany them to the steamer. "I remember," says one of her assistants, "when two cadets (now Mrs. Major Hooper, of Canada, and Mrs. Staff-Captain Maltby, of America) were sent to America, she drove down with them to the ship, prayed with them in the cabin, and before leaving placed a kiss on each of their pillows. Then, as we were driving away she stopped the cab under the lamp-post, scribbled one of her charming little good-bye notes and sent me back with it to the ship. It was acts like this that have made her memory so precious to us!"

To each cadet who was sent into the field she would give her photograph with a suitable inscription underneath. She had several different pictures which she used

for this purpose. If it happened to be a girl who had caused her some anxiety, she would choose a rather sad-looking photograph and sign it "Your Mother, praying for you," or "believing for you." If it was one regarding whom she had no misgivings it would be a brighter portrait signed "Your Mother, trusting you," or "depending upon you." "Oh, how much we valued those photographs and the inscriptions!" says an officer. "You can find them all over the world, and no money would buy them!"

Her acts of kindliness and thoughtfulness were innumerable. On one occasion in leaving a poor, struggling corps, just as the train was pulling out of the station, she took the warm cloak off her own shoulders and wrapped it round the officer's, and was gone before the latter had time to protest.

During her last visit to England she sent for one of her former Staff, and before parting said, "Let us exchange cloaks, so that we may remember and pray for each other."

When the "Cellar, Gutter and Garret Brigade" was about to be started she asked Commissioner Howard to drive her around the slums in a small open conveyance, so that they might see and judge for themselves more accurately the nature of the need. And when the first four girls had been sent out on what was then a new departure, their first slumming expedition, she awaited their

return with a table spread, and insisted on each one drinking a sip from her own cup of tea. This effort ultimately grew into the now world-famous Slum Work of the Army.

It was not only while the cadets were in the Home that Miss Booth thought of them, but after they had gone into the field she corresponded regularly with them. There was an understanding between her and their superior officers that if any discouragement or trouble arose, word should be sent to her. In some cases a telegram or letter from her would be sufficient to settle the difficulty. In others a warm invitation would be sent for the officer to come and spend a few days in what was known as the Field Room at the Training Home, a room which was specially set apart for those who had come back from their corps for a short rest, or to see "Mother." On one occasion the "Field Girls" were anxious to invite Miss Booth to tea. She happened to be busily engaged, so a letter was written, signed and tied to the collar of a small dog that belonged to the Home. The door was slightly opened and the little messenger went barking in. The humorously sent invitation was accepted. Indeed, opposed as she always was to anything verging on lightness or frivolity, she had inherited from her father a happy vein of humor, which brightened her conversation and correspondence.

Hearing one of her Training Home officers on one

occasion upbraiding the doorkeeper for endeavoring to keep some roughs out of her meeting, she was so overjoyed that she drew her into the ante-room and danced round with her.

In describing some of her Training Home officers and cadets, Miss Booth says:

"They are real heroines! You've no idea what fearful temptations they have to pass through. Why, I knew one of them who had ten offers of marriage in six weeks, and two of them came from ministers! Of course, we have some disappointments, but on the whole I am sure there are not such a set of noble and devoted women to be found in the whole world as my dear girls.

"I remember one day walking up and down in the Home, talking to one of them who had recently come in as a Cadet. She happened to be very young, only just turned seventeen, and I was asking her how it was she had got in before the regulation age. She said, 'Mother, dear, I was anxious to live a long life of work for Jesus, so I wanted to begin as early as possible, so that when death came I might look back on a long life of usefulness.' That was on a Friday, and the next Sunday morning she died suddenly, though she had appeared to be in good health. On the Saturday night she had called one of the girls into her 'box' in the dormitory to do something for her, and then in parting she had said, 'If we don't meet again on earth, we'll meet in the morning.' These were the last words she was heard to utter. To some one else she had been saying how she would like just once to be sent to '*do a Sunday in Heaven,*' referring to our custom of sending them out for Sundays to hold meetings in various Corps. She little thought that was to be her next appointment."

We cannot close this chapter in the Consul's life better than with a few quotations from some of the letters sent

by her at this period to her Staff during some of her occasional absences.

The following letter was written from Switzerland:

"My Ever Dear Girls—The time is flying—*Hallelujah!* Each night I say, 'A day's march nearer home!' I want to thank you all for your proper letters. The Lord must tell you what they are in strength and comfort to me! *Words fail me!* Some days I read them over and over, or light my candle, when Satan pays me a visit in the dark, to read them in his face!

"Thank God, He is strong to deliver, mighty to save! He is going to gain two-fold for every hour I spend from the battle's midst. His own arm shall strengthen me and bring me back a truer servant, an abler soldier, a more sufficient Mother for the blessed T. H. Band.

"Keep trusting God for me and don't let your spirit flag *one* hour! You have done bravely—Miss Eva in every letter tells me so. *Continue till I come.* I shall want one long, full day alone with you somewhere, and we will have it, too. You shall relate all your victories, and I will say any little about my exile that may remain to be said.

"God will let me have some new light—I hope some new power to bring—if nothing beside! I dream of you almost *always.* I am filled with hope, intention and faith for the further success of Training Home principles and measures in the Field. We shall *hold* our people better in the future when they leave our eye—we will keep hold of them with one hand! I see, I think, how it can be done.

"You are good to write those in the Field. *Go on doing so.* The religion of 'little children' shall shake the world! Bless you—I love you unutterably. *You are mine—I am yours,* and we all are His! To sink, or swim, or suffer—but we *must win!*

"Remember all you do for my precious one (Miss Eva

Booth, who was assisting her), you do for me, and for One Who sees and remembers forever!

"I write at the end of a very long day, and am tired much, but Grace can read my worst attempts, I know, so she will bear with me, and you will catch from my broken sentences the love and cheer I fain would send you, every one!

"All eyes are *on us.* I don't think we have any idea of the influence as a Training Home Staff we exert in the whole movement—and through it over the whole world! So rise each day to fight and conquer through the Blood and power which shall triumph despite all!

"Again charging you in love to stand by in all thoughtful care, my dearest Eva—asking you as a Mother to love *each other* more and more, and assuring you of my never-failing confidence in you all,

"I am glad to be,

"Your mother to the end,

"E. M. B."

In another letter to one of her Staff Miss Booth says:

"I have been settling many important matters with the General this morning, things which will require a more devoted and conquering future from us all. Things which will demand from my Training Home Staff such as the occasion has never asked before.

"I have thought of you all, I have thought of you—be ready. Let each and every hour do its work and make its mark upon you. You are not weary—no! And God who allowed me to expect great things from you will yet satisfy and rejoice my utmost heart over you. Be brave and keep climbing. Every hour my soul looks to the Lord on your behalf. A future harvest stares us in the face, if we will but keep heart and fire away.

"May God ever make you big enough to see all the possibilities of joy and salvation and victory, and may you stand by me to serve or to suffer."

The following letter addressed to one of the Staff serves to show how faithfully and yet tenderly the Training Home Mother called their attention to any fault she might have noticed:

"Give enclosed to R——, pray with her alone before she starts, and kiss her, and make her feel your sympathies and prayers will follow her—and yet, I want her to go just for *Jesus' sake alone!*

"I know the Lord will make my visit here worth while, and then as early as possible 'Home' once more! Oh, my precious post, fain would I fill it better! I shall yet! God will help me—and you will do more for the second Division!

"'*Oh, time is flying fast!*' We must hasten in our work! Every moment spent to the best possible advantage! Rise to hurry on! Help and bless everybody. *Give, give, give,* and you shall abundantly receive!

"Oh, that we could look on all as God does, and feel and act as very gods, in His dear place. I'm in for this experience in the hearts of hundreds—and it *shall* come. Care for nothing else, and help me! I ask you to.

"Wherever you be, let every breath you draw *scorn* everything that is 'little' and self-like, and help to build that which shall remain beautiful forever!

"I did not quite understand what you said, or rather meant, of ——— in the station. The dear Lord has been very mindful of you. Don't speak depreciatingly of anybody who is '*good!*'

"Let nobody tempt you to. There are emptier cups of love and bliss than yours; find and fill them if you can—be an Angel of mercy and blessing to *all.* Do. He asks it, Who is able to supply the needed grace!

"Never 'grow weary,' and to the end of the road, e'en in the darkest harvest places, am I, my own girl,

"Your unchanging MOTHER."

The following beautiful letter was addressed jointly to the Training Home Staff:

"My Precious Girls:

"The days are so filled, and time flies so quickly, that the half I intend and want to do often remains undone. Oh, how many letters I would write you in the nights, could I but see in the dark! All your faces are so often before me, and over and over again am I able to pray for you. I think more than ever before since I have been away this time do I realize how *fully* I belong to you each, and how it is my God-given mission in life to serve you, to suffer if needs be on your behalf, and to *fight with you the fight for victory!*

"The Training Home Band is, I am sure, God's own device to knit together the hearts of the faithful, and to make, amid all earth's inconsistency and sin, an unchanging Army of true Soldiers, whose glory is in the precious Cross. I thank Him, oh, *so much,* that He has called *me* to be one among the number; now I only live to help in making thousands more.

"I see these people all around me, everywhere—in their sin, misery and blindness. Oh, it's awful! drink, poverty, wretchedness—nothing, most of them for *time* and surely still more naked would they stand in Eternity's dawn! And yet *all* blood-bought! Not one too low for Jesus to love, to win and to redeem. Oh, my heart nearly breaks as I just look at them all and think of it! And then I remember our Homes full of those who have given themselves for the seeking and saving of them, and in earnestness which cannot be written my heart cries to God to make us each *worthy* and *able* for the work.

"Oh, *one soul* is of more value than worlds on worlds! What ought we not to *feel* and *be* and *do* for the saving of the many! God *must* help us—*me* and *you.*"

CHAPTER VI.

Engagement and Marriage.

1887-1888.

It was the summer of 1887. A generous friend had donated the Salvation Army $25,000 for the work in India. With a part of this money General Booth had decided that a reinforcement of fifty officers should be despatched. It was probably the largest party of missionaries that had ever been sent at one time from any Christian country by any organization for the conversion of the heathen.

For the selection, equipment and supervision of the party it was decided that I should come over to England. Our work in India had then been established for five years, and had made considerable progress, but there is no doubt that this event proved to be a complete turning point in our history. By a single stroke it placed the Salvation Army before the natives of India as a great Religious Institution worthy of their notice and attention. The adoption of the Hindoo costume and customs had already endeared us to their hearts, but for the vast population of three hundred millions an object lesson was now to be presented, the strategic importance of which it was difficult to overestimate.

In the selection and preparation of the party it became necessary that Miss Emma Booth should play an active part. She had grown up with the Army, was acquainted with the majority of the women officers in the English field, and her position in the Training Homes enabled her to exercise a great influence over them. A large proportion of the contingent was to consist of women officers, and with these a telegram from Miss Emma asking them to do anything was almost tantamount to law.

Her disinterested spirit rose to the occasion. The idea of a wholesale onslaught upon the powers of darkness fascinated her, and with her accustomed promptness, tact and vigor she threw herself into the arrangements.

It was an education to me in the art of managing and directing people. The very wording of the letters and telegrams to those who had been selected for the enterprise was admirable. So much was put into so little. Such pathos was combined with so much practical wisdom. For the moment it seemed almost as if India itself was personified. That was one of her great charms, that she could put herself into other people's places and voice their needs and claims with an eloquence and power which very often they could not themselves employ.

And then there was her inexhaustible patience and perseverance. As one list of proposals kept breaking down the gaps would be more than filled with new names.

And how her Lieutenants flew around! They seemed

each possessed with the same rapidity of action, if not with the same personal magnetism. Miss Booth had the capacity of not only working rapidly herself, but of making others do the same. As soon as she came on the scene and threw off her cloak and bonnet, her quick eye seemed to take in at a glance the whole situation. On the way to the Clapton Congress Hall from her home she would jot down on a scrap of paper the chief matters requiring attention. Some of these she reserved for herself, but the greater part she had allotted to others. In a few terse words she had given her orders, and within a few moments of her arrival all her Staff would be busily engaged. Not a detail appeared to be overlooked.

The Staff themselves entered intelligently into her Indian plans. Likely names had been hunted up by them in her absence, and they were well rewarded when the "Mother" smiled her approval. How delighted they were when acceptances came in—how anxious to smooth off the rough edge of a disappointment.

The experiences of these days were a complete revelation to me. Up to this time I had known but little of her. In all my previous experiences I had never seen such a perfect illustration of the "iron hand in the velvet glove." My admiration warmed into something of a stronger and more ardent character.

It was a wonderful Courtship that followed, a Courtship that lasted to the very end of our married life.

Indeed, in talking to our dear Salvationists on the question, it was a common saying with us that marriage ought to be a perpetual courtship, and we were able to illustrate this happily with our own experience.

She was intensely religious, a sincere believer in the guidance of God and in the power of prayer, and yet withal intensely human, a child of nature. Her heart, too, was under the strong control of her judgment. To her parents, to her conscience, and to her God she had been accustomed from her childhood to submit everything.

In the present case there were a thousand difficulties in the way. In the first place there was her tender attachment to that mother of mothers, which voiced itself from the cradle to the grave in the passionate baby declaration, "me wove 'oo a million miles!" Her devotion to her father, her brothers and sisters, her position in the Army, and the widely separate spheres of work which we occupied, also seemed to interpose insuperable barriers.

But from the moment that that first stupid little note was written and re-written and finally slipped into her hand—"I love you, can you love me?"—the womanly dignity, reserve, tact, self-forgetfulness—with the Kingdom, war, mother, father, brother all in the foreground, herself in the background—combined with the tender consideration lest my feelings should be wounded, gave a new view of the great soul that beamed through those

eyes, the heart that throbbed beneath that breast, the will that placed her whole being at the disposal of her Saviour.

A word from her mother or her father, whose judgment had ever been her pole-star, because she knew it to be so disinterested, so God-guided, so whole-heartedly committed to the interests of the great Salvation War, would have been sufficient to turn the entire scale against me. She would, if necessary, have trampled upon the desolations of her own heart. To their disinterestedness I owe, indeed, a debt of gratitude. It was a beautiful example of parental and filial affection, as well as spiritual submission to the will, the wishes and the interests of God.

The waiting time was one of painful suspense, of alternating hopes and fears, of earnest prayers for God's guidance, of fixed resolution to be God's, and God's only, come what might.

It was indeed a transcendent moment of earthly joy to me when at length the citadel of that noble heart was captured, the flag was hauled down, and the beautiful warrior spirit, who has since stood by me through every battle-shock, unconditionally surrendered, "swore in," and enlisted for life as my partner in the holy war.

If the sweets of worldly love, tarnished more or less with selfish aims and motives, be capable of imparting so large a measure of human happiness, that which is based

on the loyal recognition of God's claims to our fealty and devotion must of necessity be far more intense, solid and lasting. We found it so in our own experience.

The next few weeks that followed our engagement were indeed precious. When that ocean heart was let loose, its outpourings were wonderful. The realization of my own unworthiness of it all made me appreciate it the more. Our hearts overflowed with gratitude to God—mine for what she was, hers for what she thought me to be.

And then came the inevitable and painful separation when, the arrangements being completed, the time arrived for the party to start for India. And yet, looking back upon it, I can see how that very separation seemed to stretch and strengthen, broaden and deepen our love, as well as put to a practical test our consecration for the war.

Beautiful were the letters from her pen that helped to bridge the long months of parting.

On only one question did we appear to differ, and that was as to which loved the other the most. It was but a few days after the engagement had been entered into when we happened to meet in a room where others were present. Miss Booth slipped into my hand one of the charming little penciled notes for which she was famous, and which have served to carry cheer and consolation to so many thousands of hearts. It consisted of a few words

scribbled on a tiny scrap of paper, but to me it meant much. It was to the effect that now she had let her heart go, my love was nowhere compared to hers—a precious little message. But I could not allow it to pass unchallenged. A few moments later she was reading the following reply:

As taper to the noonday sun,
  As seedling to the tree,
As million sand-grains are to one,
  As dewdrop to the sea—
Thus measure thou thy love with mine,
  And know by these indeed,
That thus much more is mine than thine,
  And doth all bounds exceed.
It rises higher than the skies,
  'Twill last on after death—
My love thy rivalry defies,
  It grows with every breath.

On April 10th, 1888, the anniversary of the General's birthday, the wedding took place in Clapton Congress Hall. The vast auditorium, one of the largest in London, was thronged with an audience of 5,000 persons, while hundreds more were crowded out. The warm place which the Consul held in the esteem and affection of the friends and members of the Salvation Army was there abundantly testified. It was indeed a unique scene.

The central figure on the platform—central wherever he appears; central when he was on the Senate floor at Washington; central when in India he faced an immense crowd of Hindoos, estimated to number 30,000; central

when in Australasia he received an ovation probably without parallel in its colonial history; central when he has visited the greatest capitals of Europe, conversing with leading statesmen or facing audiences that have crowded the largest halls; central by all acknowledgment among the master minds of the two centuries—was our beloved and honored General, giving his fatherly and official benediction to the union of hearts and hands for the war.

And near him sat the Mother of the Salvation Army, her sweet, strong face beaming upon the daughter who from her cradle had been so peculiarly love-linked to her heart, and from whose birth she dated her public ministry, then, alas! drawing to a close, the deadly malady which beclouded her remaining days having just declared itself.

And the bride—what shall I say?—the cynosure of all eyes—modest, graceful, refined, dignified, with her plain blue Army dress, relieved only by a white sash, a typical representative of the Soldiers of the Cross whom she had been training and sending forth from those Homes by hundreds for the last eight years to carry the Blood and Fire banner around the world.

In the beturbaned bridegroom with his picturesque Oriental robes, bright red jacket, flowing scarf and bare feet, there was a tinge of romance, a union of West to East for the salvation of the world's white and colored heathendom.

God was there! His wishes had been consulted, the interests of His Kingdom stood first, and He had added the "other things" according to His promise. Perhaps that was the regnant, triumphant note of the meeting. It was for *God and souls!* And yet the element of human happiness and harmony threw its radiant tinge of joy over the proceedings.

The General, true to his instincts, sounded the clarion call for service. And speaking from the pedestal of personal sacrifice and suffering the sainted Mother, upon whose lips such multitudes had hung, and across whose horizon so dark a cloud had lately loomed, swept her skilled fingers across the minor chords of resignation to God's will and renewed consecration to His services. A thrill of sympathy shot through the audience when she said:

"I have, as you know, been wounded and worsted in the fight, and I have felt it hard, sometimes, not to be able to answer the bugle's call and jump to the front, as has been my custom for the last twenty-six years.

"But what a comfort and consolation to feel that my children and others, perhaps hundreds of spiritual children around me, inspired with the same purposes, aiming at the same ends, are following me in the fight; and that, as I am compelled to lay down the weapons of this warfare, they will take them up, and go forward to propagate these principles, and to seek to spread that Divine love and that brotherhood of mankind that we have proclaimed during all these years.

"O mothers and fathers! O you young men and young

women! This is the way to realize the fulfilment of your highest hopes and aims, to be made blessings to your generation; this is the way for your memories to be held in everlasting remembrance; for succeeding generations to rise up and call you blessed; to give yourselves up to the highest and holiest and grandest purpose which Jesus Christ had called His people to follow and to embrace!"

And then the General tied the nuptial knot, and the Army pledges of everlasting consecration to the war and to each other were made, and the ring was placed as token of our perpetual comradeship.

And the bride spoke:

"I cannot say very much this morning, but I feel a great deal; and there is one word I would like each one to hear and take away in their memories from this meeting, and that is the word I have written on my sash here. When they came to ask me what was to be the motto of the day, I took a little time to think and gather up the feelings of my heart, and I could not find a better expression of them than this one word,

"'HALLELUJAH!'

"I feel there is so much to praise God for that I could not possibly enumerate it all this morning—right back as far as my birth. I find abundant reason to praise Him for giving me such a mother and such a father. They have been precious to me all the way along. But I think my heart never realized them so precious as I do this morning. Under God I owe all I have to them. What I have seen missing in my own character, I have seen depicted so clearly in one of them that it has been quite easy to run with my failings to God, and to ask Him clearly to put them right. I thank Him for all He has made them to me.

"But I have a still louder Hallelujah that I want to speak into His heart this morning for doing something for me that, after all, the tenderest parent could not do for the most dearly beloved child, and that is for saving my soul. I am glad I am saved! It was in a most definite way, as well as at the most definite of times, that God for Christ's sake converted me. It was a beautiful union, that —when I became united to Christ. Though I was but a little child, Jesus did not despise me or think me too small to understand such things. When I knelt at His cross, He lifted me to His bosom, and I have been His bride ever since.

"That was even a more memorable occasion than this— when God saved me; for, in reality, all the way through, when the devil has come upon me, and spiritual doubts have beset my path, and I have felt, in looking upon the sin and sorrow of the world, 'Oh, is it not a hopeless thing? Is there no remedy that can really heal people's hearts?' I have been able to look into my own and say, 'Yes, I am quite sure, because Jesus, who has saved me, can save others, too.' I do thank Him for that.

"I thank Him, I was going to say, still more, because He has filled my heart with such love for others, and has given me a great opportunity of serving others. I don't know what I should have done with the love God put into my heart for poor lost sinners if I had not found some way of serving them. I think my heart would have broken. But since He put His love into my heart, He showed me channels in which it could flow out again for the healing and helping and lifting of those round about me."

And the flags waved and the bands played and the General prayed. Oh! it was indeed a wonderful moment in our lives.

And now, emerging from the shadowland of death, with these fifteen years of holy, happy home and war

memories behind me, I can only say that our hopes, high as they were, have been more than realized.

Perhaps I can best express myself by quoting the last verses that I penned to her during the early part of this year (1903), and which were with her in her pocketbook at the time of the fatal catastrophe:

LOVE'S DREAM REALIZED.

A dream of saintliness and beauty crossed my path,
A dream of ecstasy of joy,
A dream of love without alloy,
A dream of all the raptures heart-communion hath!

A dream! A dream! It seemed it never could come true!
The bubble soon, alas! would burst,
The flower that seemed so fair at first
Would surely fade, the sky would lose its azure blue!

I dreamed she loved me, too! I dreamed and feared to wake!
My being throbs and tingles still
With love's own sweet responsive thrill,
The dream that made my pulses fly and heart-chords ache.

The days have lengthened into years. I still dream on
I wake, and waking love the more,
As hand in hand through Heaven's door,
The land of love we enter and its raiment don.

The land where what seems here so rare, so like a dream,
Breathes in its holy atmosphere,
And makes its joys so doubly dear,
Because no cloud can hide, nor parting shroud love's beam.

CHAPTER VII.

India.

1888-1896.

INDIA, with its vast population of three hundred million souls, had a warm place in the heart of the Consul. "Ever since I was a child," she writes in 1888, "I have felt such a love for the heathen and such a desire for their salvation. In the Homes I have never been so happy as when I've been sending some of my precious girls to work among the heathen, and have watched their work with the intensest interest. I shall be so happy when I am able to pay my first visit to India, and shall feel such a peculiar joy in mothering its women. I do look upon it as such a wonderful field, and am sure that we shall get some of our noblest officers there. My heart is just crammed with expectancy!"

In connection with the wedding, a fund of $25,000 was raised for the benefit of India. By means of this a new party of Missionary Officers was equipped. It was known as The Wedding Fifty, and was specially devoted to the work among the Gujarati and Marathi nations, the two

previous parties having been located principally among the Singhalese, Tamils and Teloogoos.

And here I may mention that the Indian Empire includes numerous nations, which speak some twenty distinct languages, as well as many different dialects. Not only do the languages differ, but the dress, food and customs of the various castes and tribes are entirely distinct. For instance, a worker among the low castes is by that very fact largely cut off from the higher castes, the latter regarding contact with the former as involving spiritual pollution. So strong is this feeling that in some parts of the country a high-caste Hindoo will throw away his dinner if the shadow of a low-caste man should accidentally pass across him while he is eating it.

The work of the Salvation Army had been established for some six years in India when the Consul, myself and the Wedding Fifty arrived in Bombay, where our Headquarters had been established.

With a view to reaching the Hindoos and Mahommedans our work in India had been carried on along what were known as "Native Lines." This meant the adoption of Indian costume and customs and the discarding of ordinary European usages. The fact that out of the entire population less than one hundred thousand persons are of white extraction, and that these include soldiers and sailors, led us to believe that the adoption of native customs on the part of the handful of European

and American missionary officers we might employ would be popular with the people, besides being economical and suited to the climate.

At the outset this policy encountered the severest hostility and criticism on the part of the white population, whether civil, military, or religious. By the natives, however, it was received with undisguised delight. We found, as we had expected, that doors which had hitherto been closed were opened to us, prejudices vanished, and the attitude of the entire country toward Christianity was largely revolutionized.

Needless to say the Consul herself heartily indorsed the adoption of Indian customs, herself wearing the native dress, eating her food with her fingers, and assuming the name of Raheeman (Mercy).

After the arrival of the party in Bombay the Novelty Theatre was engaged for Sunday meetings. Large crowds gathered and numerous conversions took place, although Bombay is notoriously a hard ground for winning souls.

From the reports of the meetings we cull the following:

And then Commissioner Raheeman spoke.

"'Have you got this peace?' she asked her listening audience. 'Perhaps you have traveled the wide world over, tried first one religion and then another, one minister and then another, and yet you have not found peace to your souls. Give up yourselves now to Jesus, sacrifice your all

upon His altar, and you shall find rest at His feet. Let us have to-night a meeting when we shall confess our past unfaithfulnesses, and our unwillingnesses to bear the light burden and easy yoke of the Christ of Calvary.'

"God was indeed present! His mighty Spirit was working in many hearts. The Officers set to in dead earnest, and took hold of God for the people's present salvation. We sang

"Jesus is calling,
Open your heart's door, let Him in,

softly and sweetly again and again across the building. Now for some faith! Sinners *are coming* to the Fountain; and so they did, too, till sixteen souls were kneeling for pardon at the feet of their hitherto-neglected Lord.

"The prodigal's coming home.
Coming home, no more to roam,'

was the chorus struck up, as one after another continued to come.

"We had commenced the prayer meeting with rather heavy, anxious hearts, but a sudden transformation scene seemed to pass over the whole place. Sinners got saved, the saints shouted and sang; sinners, now turned into saints, testified, Officers shouted 'Hallelujah;' Commissioner Fakir Singh looked and felt very much like dancing, and Commissioner Raheeman looked supremely happy. Glory, Hallelujah! It was a transformation scene indeed, and in the Novelty Theatre, too!

"We had just left the theatre, the gas just turned out, when we met several officers returning with a young man who wanted to get saved too. 'Can't go into the theatre, the gas is out. No matter, down on your knees and get saved in the moonlight.' Down went the young man, confessed his sin, getting pardon and peace. Hallelujah!"

It was not only in dealing with the crowds of natives who attended her meetings that God so signally blessed

the Consul. There were individual cases of a remarkable character. The following story is told by herself:

"I was talking to a Mohammedan convert of ours in Bombay. He was one of the first Mohammedans who had come to seek salvation after my arrival. He had been going on nicely for some three weeks or so, but had not taken any pronounced position. I shall never forget his face when he joined in the open-air procession. It was a dark face, of course, but it nearly turned white. He trembled all over, but he paraded the streets, and thus did what here we cannot understand, and what was to him, as it were, death. Still, knowing as I did something of the difficulties that surrounded him, and of the chains by which he was bound, I did not urge upon him the necessity of putting on any particular uniform.

"He came to me one day, and after some talk and prayer, said, 'I am a little unhappy about something. I am not quite sure about something.'

"'What is it?' I asked.

"'Well,' he said, 'I have been thinking about whether I ought to wear a Muktifauj (Salvation Army) band on my turban.'

"I waited a moment and then said, 'But you have been telling me how anything like this would mean banishment from your wife and children, and perhaps the loss of your situation.' (This man was then in a fair position as a teacher of languages.) 'What do you think?' I added.

"His eyes filled with tears as I waited and read his face. At length he answered, 'Your God has lit a fire in my heart. It is burning, and the flames are very high. I am afraid if I don't let the fire be seen it will get low and then go out. It seems a little lower now than it was at first. I think it is because *I hid it!*' A day or two later I pinned the badge on his turban, after which I asked him to pray. 'Shall I put Jesus Christ at the beginning of the prayer or at the end?' he asked. I answered, 'Put it all the way

through if you like!' He then clasped his hands together, like a little child, while the tears fell down over his face, and said, 'Lord Jesus, I am going down the streets with this on for You, Lord Jesus.' The tears kept falling and I kept believing, and after saying it some half dozen times he said 'Amen.' I felt sure that God gave the strength and courage with which to do it. That man was fined some twenty or thirty rupees, threatened with separation from his wife and children, came through any amount of persecution for Jesus' sake, and, praise the Lord, he is still saved. When he came to tell me so, I was too ill to see him. The Commissioner saw him, and his message was that I was to go away feeling in my heart that he still belonged to the Lord Jesus.

"Oh, that I might bring that converted man's words to you with fresh light and revealing power! My friends, has not God's spirit often visited you after you have received some special blessing and said, 'Show it, or the fire will die out?' And has He not just been as clear and definite with you?"

An Indian Officer gives the following interesting glimpse behind the scenes regarding the Consul's work in India:

"How well I remember that first Sunday's meeting in Bombay! The theatre was crowded, and in the consecration song Raheeman pushed her chair on which she was kneeling out to the front so that she knelt alone, and with uplifted hand she joined in the chorus—

"'At Thy feet I fall,
Yield Thee up my all,
To suffer, live and die
For my Lord crucified.'

"That was the spirit in which she went to India, and though she could be there only a short time, yet her spirit is loved and remembered still.

"Her tender interest in all her girls was unceasing. She would watch over them in little things, and do all she could to help and shield them. Once she thought T. was looking sad, and sent for her.

"'What is it? You are not looking as bright as you were; are you troubled about anything?' she asked.

"'Yes,' T. replied; 'I am worrying about the language. I don't seem to be getting on with it.'

"'Why, ———!' and the very tone of her voice seems to echo still—'you *are* learning! You can do it; Commissioner says you can, and he tells me you are getting on beautifully.'

"I don't know how she managed it," adds the Officer, "but I know I went away from her that day inspired and cheered, and resolved that, come what might, I could and would master the difficulty.

"Once we were coming together to an officers' meeting in a tram. On the opposite side sat a low-caste woman with a little dark-skinned, naked baby on her knee.

"Raheeman's eyes—she had such eyes for children—saw it at once. She reached across and took it on her own lap; she wrapped her chuddah round it, kissed and loved and fondled the little thing as though it had been her own. When we parted from the mother she wanted to kneel and kiss the Consul's feet. She had never seen anyone so tender to her little child before.

"We had only been a little time in India when the Canadian contingent was to join us, and, oh, how anxious Raheeman was that they should feel thoroughly at home with us!

"She would gather us around her and say, 'Now, there must be no party feeling, they are mine just as you are. Commissioner and I do not agree on all points, yet there is no division between us. So you and the dear Canadians will not see eye to eye on everything, yet there need be no division between you. You can be truly united!'

"She had wonderful hands. I can feel the touch of

her fingers still as she stroked my face and told me she was going home to Mrs. Booth. She lay on a low cane couch in a small, bare room, so thin, so weary, so ill in the fearful heat. Indeed, we were thankful that she *was* recalled, for she could not have lived many weeks.

"'I'm going home for a little,' she said, and she looked away through the window; 'I don't live for India only, but for the nations. But, cheer up, I am coming back again, and you will be true.'"

Had it been possible for the Consul to remain long enough in Bombay there can be little doubt that an extensive revival would have followed. But a vast continent of souls lay stretched before her, and it was important that she should as quickly as possible visit the other portions of the Indian field, and obtain an accurate knowledge of the village as well as city war, and of the various nationalities and castes among which we were operating.

Among the first places where meetings had been planned for her was the beautiful Island of Ceylon. For one thing, it was the home of our faithful and brilliant Chief Secretary, Colonel Arnolis Weerasooriya. For the first time in Indian history a native had been trained, promoted and given the second position of authority in a large Missionary Organization, where he had control, not only of our native officers, but of more than one hundred European missionaries. It was a unique experience in the religious annals of India.

But this modern apostle was so manifestly filled with

the Holy Ghost, was so devoted, so prayerful, so talented, that during our temporary absences from the centre he was able to superintend the entire work, while his authority was just as cheerfully accepted by our European as by our Indian officers. The secret of it was that all recognized in him a man of God, powerful, enterprising, disinterested, and in every way fitted for his post.

The visit to Ceylon included crowded meetings in the two principal cities of Colombo and Kandy. The latter was formerly the capital of the Singhalese dynasty of kings who once ruled the island. In their beautiful Hall of Audience the Consul conducted a remarkable meeting.

From the Indian *War Cry* we take the following account of her jungle journey:

"From this new opening we started off to visit one of our oldest Corps in the island, Talampitiya. Our host had kindly provided us with a bullock-cart for the journey, but Commissioner Raheeman would insist on walking a good part of the way in order to give the bullocks a rest. What an inspiring sight it was when, at a turning of the road, we came upon our long column of red-coated Soldiers, nearly one hundred in the ranks!

"It was especially encouraging to notice the business-like way in which everything was managed by our native Officers and their Sergeants. Everything was done in pure Singhalese style with a vengeance. The singing and tom-toming were ceaseless and lively.

"We were so glad to see a number of Soldiers from the Hewadiwilla Corps; Captain Dev Das was absent through sickness, but his Lieutenant, a bright-eyed lad, who had

several uniforms torn off his back when he was a Soldier, led over a large detachment, accompanied by the Sergeant-Major.

"We were told that they had started off at five o'clock in the morning on purpose to meet us. By the time they had reached their destination they must have walked quite ten miles, and yet they seemed so fresh and eager for the meeting. Commissioner Raheeman was quite delighted with this first experience of jungle warfare. We had some difficulty in capturing her and seating her in our village war-chariot. It consisted of a rush-bottomed antediluvian sort of chair turned topsy-turvy and lashed to two poles.

"Any number of Soldiers eagerly rushed forward to act the part of 'War-horses,' and we bore her in triumph across the paddy fields. The Commissioner wanted them to rest every few minutes, feeling sure that they must be tired, and at last, in spite of their protests, would get down and walk across the fields like all the rest.

"The mud-hut charmed her still more. There was only one room and a verandah, and these were scarcely big enough for a couple of people to stretch themselves at length in; but the wall was papered over with pictures cut out from *War Crys,* and everything looked so jungly and Salvation Armyish, that she would quite have liked to have spent some time there, and felt very much inclined for volunteering to take charge of the Corps. She could not help having a hearty laugh, too, over the desperate attempts to manufacture her a cup of tea after the fatigues of the journey. In the first one, the water was evidently so strong that the tea had no chance of coloring it at all; in the second one, Salvation Army fashion, fresh reinforcements of tea were poured in, and the water so completely vanquished that it could hardly be distinguished at all. Still we had a proper night, disturbed only by the ubiquitous ants inside and the howling of jackals—just like a picnic, only so much more real, and therefore so much more enjoyable, enabling us to understand better

THE CONSUL IN HER INDIAN UNIFORM.

than any written description the actual life lived by our brave, devoted Officers."

Perhaps the most romantic and interesting portion of the tour consisted of a visit to a group of inland villages. Here our work had been commenced some years previously under circumstances of peculiar difficulty. The first officers had been treated with suspicion and had been refused even the most ordinary hospitality by the villagers, who had doubted their motives and intentions. They had quartered themselves for several days in some caves, and to this place some of the robbers who abounded in this wild locality had brought them food, when they saw that the respectable inhabitants had refused to entertain them.

In the next village visited, however, in this locality they met with a much more cordial reception, and a revival started which resulted in a large number of conversions. Upon receiving news of this the first village sent an invitation for officers to be sent to them, only stipulating that they should not be women!

It happened that the only officers then available were two Singhalese young women. After some controversy these were finally accepted by the people and a blessed work of God was inaugurated, many conversions took place, and a large corps was established.

At the time of the Consul's visit a successful and flourishing work had been organized in this region. Great

was the delight of the soldiers when they heard that Commissioner Raheeman was to visit the locality.

The palm-leaf hall where the meetings were held was crowded with villagers, who sang and testified of their salvation, many of them having been converted from lives of drunkenness and thieving, while others had been notorious "devil-dancers," a class who give themselves up to be possessed by the devil and who are thereby supposed to possess special powers in exorcising him from persons who are afflicted with any disease.

From Ceylon the Consul proceeded to South India, where she held a number of most interesting meetings. The news of the increasing illness of her mother, and of the probable necessity of a serious operation, led to a decision that she should return to England before the next hot weather set in, with a view to rendering what assistance might be possible.

The parting was indeed a melancholy one for ourselves, but we realized, apart altogether from all filial claims, the immense value of Mrs. Booth's life, and were cheered with the hope held out by the doctors that it might yet be prolonged by means of the operation for many years. In this, however, we were destined to be disappointed, and from this time, April, 1889, until the death of the Army Mother on October 4, 1890, her lot was indeed one of extreme suffering and depression, patiently borne for Christ's sake.

All that a daughter's love could devise to alleviate a mother's sufferings was planned, and keenly as we felt the sacrifice of the long separation involved and the comparative retirement of the Consul from public work, we realized that God knew best and would in some way compensate the work and ourselves for the temporary loss. No doubt the months spent by the dying veteran's bedside helped to develop both the heart and mind of the Consul for the years of service that were to follow.

Of the many beautiful letters that were written by the Consul during this period to some of our prominent Indian officers, we have only room for the following extracts:

"January 30th, 1890.

"My Very Dear ———: Yours of the 9th of January is a very precious letter to me.

"My beloved mother has passed a very suffering week; nevertheless, there came a welcome relief from pain yesterday morning and I seized the opportunity for giving her a little of my very interesting Indian news.

"I read your letter to her and showed her your photograph with the dear children. Tears filled her eyes as she looked upon it. She said, 'God bless her! What more worthy and glorious sphere could a woman wish for? And I believe she will be true to every opportunity.'

"I reminded mama that you had her name, 'Catherine,' and I assured her that my soul was full of confidence you would follow in her footsteps and meet her with many Indian sons and daughters at God's Right Hand.

"I am so pleased with the photograph, I think I shall get it enlarged for myself. It will be a ceaseless feast for me to look upon wherever I may be, and I think also it

will make a capital picture for 'All the World'—little Salome being African and Sari being Indian, represent, you see, the two races, and you in the centre linking them together with the arms of your love, makes a most appealing call for help on behalf of the heathen.

"All your news is most gratifying to me. It seems to me that I have never had as comforting and encouraging an Indian mail as is to hand this week. The Major writes in capital spirits and full of faith, and the letters that reach me from all over are full of facts which show that our opportunity and accomplishment are equally on the rise.

"Your sympathy regarding my dear mother sinks into my heart. I love you very much, and to know you love me and pray for me is as medicine to my soul, especially as I know that you make that love manifest by your life, and care for the dear ones whom I have committed to your charge.

"I am very thankful you were just going to rest. I was only saying the other day that in packing off so many more for a few days you seemed quite forgetful of the necessity and of the *greater* importance of keeping yourself in good trim. I do trust that the little time at Kandala will do you ever so much good.

"Believe for me soon to be back with you again,

"My own precious daughter and comrade, your Mother, till the morning breaks, and the bulwarks of heathenism and sin have been overthrown."

"January 30th, 1890.

"My Very Dear ———: I forget whether I have written you since I received your very loving and interesting letter. Since then I have received one of yours dated January 5th, sent to the Commissioner, which he forwards to me; and that gives me still further news of your heart's

feelings and determination, and of your start in the Southern Field.

"All touches me deeply and fills me with new expectation and faith on your behalf. Oh, how I have prayed that God would give you a boundless compassion and a high ambition for those precious people, and I realize my prayers are being answered, and I believe He will increase your store of love and desire for them every day He spares you to the battle.

"I am more and more convinced that in order to do anything in India we must be enthusiastically in love with its people, and I believe God shall hear my cry and make out of my Training Home lassies some of the truest heroines he has ever owned, who shall by His might produce out of their Indian sisters hundreds more.

"There is one thing in your letter to the Commissioner which a little concerns me. It is what you say in regard to the languages: 'We could get on fast if we only had more time, but with the corps and going after money we have very little time left.'

"Now, I quite entered into your desire to keep the work afloat, and to get out of every opportunity as much as possible; still, I have learned from my dealings with our officers in India that unless they get to the language at the start with might and main they generally make it a secondary thing all along, and consequently never master it. So that I do beseech of you to rather leave out something which may seem to you very important than neglect the language, so that during the first twelve months the language may have the best possible chance, and then, all through your after career of service in India (which I hope will be a very long one), you will be able to double and treble your pace in dealing with the natives as you go along.

"Give my love to dear M——, and indeed to every lassie who is with you and whom you meet in the South. I love you all with a love unspeakable, and look forward with a

longing that I cannot express to the time when I shall be in your midst fighting for you and with you all, whether Europeans or natives, as one family.

"I am glad of your few words about G——. She is a dear, brave lassie. Give her my love and tell her I was sure that a few minutes at the station with me would have made her perfectly settled and happy about the wedding ring. I am getting some good red ones prepared here, and am sending them over, and when I come the fashion must be all set ready for me, and I shall have to, in that particular case, follow my daughters, although I had quite made up my mind to do away with my ring altogether.

"I am so glad of your few words about your health. Do, I beseech of you, be careful, and shepherd everybody else in this respect to the utmost of your ability.

"Very soon I hope to be with you.

"Until then and ever,

"YOUR MOTHER UNDER THE FLAG."

After the death of Mrs. Booth the Consul gathered together another party of officers, known as the Memorial Fifty, and with them sailed for Ceylon. The reception meetings in Colombo, Kandy, Moratuwa and Galle were of a wonderful character. For crowds, enthusiasm and interest they surpassed anything in our previous experience.

From the Consul's address at one of the Colombo meetings we cull the following:

"While I have been away, I have been everywhere asked by friends in England, 'What do you think of India?' It's far too lovely to tell. The possibilities of its people reach to the skies. We have but to bring them out of the dark, but to show them the love of God—and they are all coming over to Christ.

"As we came here to-night and looked out on the lake, and the rich foliage which hangs everywhere around us, I thought, How lovely and peaceful! Just as we had passed the beautiful scenery we came upon the cold, dark jail. Alas! that a land so lovely should have jails, and crime, and sorrow. God looks deeper than the trees and the foliage, and He is grieving still, as on the Cross, over its sins and miseries."

But the long strain of nursing had told severely upon the Consul's fragile frame, followed as it had been by the shock of the final parting from the one whom she had so tenderly loved, and who had loved her in return with more than a mother's love, and soon after landing a gloom was thrown over our party and prospects by the Consul's continued and increasing illness. The hoped for improvement did not come to gladden our hearts. One appointment after another had to be reluctantly abandoned, and instead of going with the party to Madras, it was decided for her to return direct to Bombay, while I continued the tour, with the assistance of her youngest sister, Miss Lucy Booth, who had accompanied her upon the journey, and who now bravely helped to fill the gap created by her absence from the meetings.

The news from Bombay continued, however, to be of a disappointing character. The Consul's appetite had completely failed her, and we could see her growing weaker day by day. It was immediately decided that she should return to Europe, rather than risk a life so precious to the Army throughout the world.

At first it was intended that I should remain behind, but alarming symptoms of prostration set in which made it necessary for us to hurry her departure and for myself and her sister to accompany her on the homeward voyage.

We were not an hour too soon. It seemed as though the light of life were flickering in its socket. Never can we forget the sorrowful and keen anxiety of that voyage. Looking back at it from this distance, it seems to me that the tender heart had been well-nigh broken by the wrench of her mother's death, and the very desire to hide her sorrow in order to comfort the General and her family, together with the superhuman effort to rise up and fulfill her duties as a warrior, had been too much for her.

We landed at Marseilles and proceeded direct to Cannes, where it was necessary for the Consul to rest and gather strength before attempting the journey across the Continent.

The General was advised by the doctors that it would be impossible for the Consul to return to India, and hence it was decided by him to appoint us to the position of Foreign Secretary at the International Headquarters in London.

Although the Consul's stay in India was of comparatively short duration, she had endeared herself to its people, and especially to its officers. How deep was her hold upon their hearts may be gathered from the following letter from one of India's Territorial Commanders:

"You will scarcely find one home or mud-hut officers' quarters in India without a photo of the Consul. Again and again some Indian lassie-officer has asked permission to cut out from some American or other Salvation Army publication a photo of the Consul, and has carried it away as a treasure, and the reason why is that among all the officers in India, European and Indian, and especially among the lassies, our sainted Consul Raheeman was their ideal saint and woman of God.

"Nowhere will this loss be felt more keenly than throughout India and Ceylon, for the Consul ever dearly loved India, and India's people and officers dearly loved the Consul.

"I have known Indian officers rush away to have a little time in prayer before an interview with the Consul, and after such an interview we could never go forth to live quite the same again. In the Consul's short Indian career a work was done in stamping those who are now the leading Staff Officers which is beyond calculation.

"India's prayers will ascend for the bereaved in this day of sorrow."

CHAPTER VIII.

Public Work in America.

1896-1903.

In March, 1896, General Booth appointed the Consul and myself to take charge of the work in America. Our departure was saddened by the death of our infant child, Tancred. But though her tender mother-heart was wrung with grief, the Consul went forward with her usual unwavering devotion to duty.

The reception meeting at New York was in the Carnegie Music Hall, one of the most magnificent auditoriums in America. Here some four thousand persons gathered to welcome the new leaders of the Salvation Army in America. What a deep and favorable impression was made by the Consul on this occasion may be gathered from the following report which appeared in the New York Observer under the name of the well-known writer "Augustus":

"Then came the feature of the evening, the address of Mrs. Booth-Tucker. I have heard many women speak in meetings of late years upon platforms and at assemblies, and I have heard the prominent women of this family

speak, but the address that was made that evening at Carnegie Hall will remain as one of the most remarkable examples of eloquence that I have ever heard from man or woman. The entire self-control which was manifested in dealing with most delicate and personal and difficult subjects, the fine choice and free command of the English tongue, the sweet, clear voice that penetrated like an organ note to the farthest parts of the hall, the deep tone of consecration and the lofty ideal of service which pervaded the whole utterance, were unusual and impressive."

The work of the Army was passing through a critical experience in America at this time. But the meetings which had been so successfully conducted by the Consul in New York were repeated in the other principal cities. From East to West, from North to South she traveled, visiting the most important centres, facing crowded audiences in the largest halls, meeting the officers and soldiers in council, and generally infusing all with whom she came in contact with new hope, zeal and energy.

Her tours were repeated at regular intervals during the seven and a half years of her American command, till she became one of the most familiar figures before the public, interpreting with graceful tact and burning eloquence the work and principles of the Salvation Army, and obtaining for it the warm place it now occupies in the affection and approbation of the American people.

Among her most famous lectures was one entitled *"Love and Sorrow."* For more than two years this lecture has been delivered in some fifty of the principal

cities of America, being frequently repeated by special request, and never failing to crowd the largest auditoriums. Those who attended this vivid portrayal of the Army's work invariably became the permanent and intelligent friends of the movement.

The lecture was illustrated with a skilful combination of the stereopticon, the living tableau, music and song, and was descriptive of the various phases of Army work. Although the delivery of the lecture occupied from two and a half to three hours, the interest of the audience never flagged, and there was never the slightest disposition on the part of any to leave till the curtain had fallen upon the last scene.

But necessary as the Consul felt it to be to place the work of the Army in a simple and attractive manner before the public, it was in the purely salvation meetings that she was seen to best advantage and in which she the most gloried. Her constant battle cry was "Souls!"

It was the hope of winning souls that drew her again and again, when weak and weary, from the shelter of her beloved home and children, to undertake the tiring journeys, brave the separations and go forth like her Master in search of the wandering sheep. How tender and yet how stirring were her appeals may be judged from the following, the autograph notes of which I found among her papers:

"The future is full of uncertainties. We cannot pierce

the veil that hides it from our gaze. *Some* things we know! *That* we *cannot tell!*

"(a) *Some wish they did know,* whether the darling hopes are to be realized, the plans carried through, the toil rewarded—whether there will be *an end* repaying the effort expended. We wish we knew what is before us! You, prodigal sons, would like to know whether you will ever reach home again! Whether any of the resolutions you have made in life will be kept before you die!

"(b) *Others would rather not know!* They dread the future! They would rather live in a dream! They dread the awakening, the *uprising of the past,* the long-dreaded *future, come at last!* The crimes rising up out of the buried past, the wasted time staring them in the face, the broken promises at their feet, God's just wrath over their heads; *an awful death-bed,* a fearful judgment, a doomed soul! They would rather not see it. So, like the foolish ostrich, they bury their head in the sand.

"And yet, both those who would not and those who would can take a look into the future to-night!

"(c) *Some things you can know!* There is a light here which can light up the dark, mysterious years ahead—THE LIGHT OF GOD!

"1. It lights upon the *Cross,* showing a place for you!

"2. It lights upon a *Path,* a noble Path, full of God-honoring and soul-saving; a Path in which, through all weathers and circumstances, you have the certainty of God's smile; a Path without doubt or fear; a Path in which all things work together *for your good;* a Path in which promises are kept!

"3. It points to an end the most glorious of all!

"*You are dying,* but with a *clear conscience,* a radiant face, a fearless soul! God is there! The arms of Jesus are bearing you up! Loved ones stand round your bed! You have helped them to salvation and joy for earth and Heaven. Now they BLESS YOU! Sinners whom you have been the means of rescuing come to spend your last mo-

ments with you; drunkards, swearers, gamblers, broken-hearted men and women whom you have led to rest and peace! Their faces are alight with faith for you! Your very name, breathed in the town where you have lived, creates a warning to sinners and a spur to saints! You are loved and blessed on earth! You are welcomed to Heaven!

"You die! The gates are thrown open! You are the redeemed of the Lord! There is a robe and a palm and a crown for you! *Your life lives after you,* and for the eternal ages you are safe, and blessed and victorious—

"SAVED IN TIME!"

How truly the zeal of the Lord's house consumed her may be judged by an incident related by Commissioner Rees, though applying to a somewhat earlier period. She had been conducting a tiring Sunday's campaign in a large city, some fifty-two persons professing conversion during the day. At the conclusion of the meetings the Consul proposed a march through the streets at 11 p. m. by way of stirring things up. She was reminded of a by-law that had been passed several years previously forbidding a march after dark, owing to some serious riots which had then occurred. "Oh, bother the by-laws," said the Consul, "let us march!" And march they did, the Consul accompanying them on their midnight foray, with the result that the by-law became a dead letter from that time forward.

The picture of this weak, delicate woman concluding a tiring Sunday with a midnight march throws a charming light on the quenchless energy, devotion and daring

which endeared her to all who knew her, and won their respect and admiration.

Indeed, to those of us who stood nearest to her and who knew how frail was her health, with what physical weakness she was compelled to contend, together with the intensity of her love of home and shrinking from publicity, it was a miracle of grace that she should throw off these human hindrances and triumph over these obstacles, and "put to flight the armies of the aliens."

The spirit which animated her in these public campaigns is perhaps best explained by the burning words with which she concluded one of her articles in the American War Cry:

"My comrades, the battle's hours are numbered! 'Mid the shot and shell of the conflict, in moments of unutterable weakness and weariness, of testing and trial, it may seem to us that the toil and the tear must be our lot forever! But the signal of conquest will be given. The shout of victory will rend the air. The final test will come. The last opportunity will pass. The sword will drop from our lifeless hand.

"Then when the shining angels stoop over the battlements in the dawn of the Resurrection Day to welcome us to the City of Light and Gladness forever, what will they find us grasping—what will be in your hand and mine?

"I do not ask what *once* was there. I do not ask what once you loved, what once you held most dear, what once you embraced as the first and all-absorbing ambition and determination of your life. But I ask you with a heart full of prayer and with a solemn realization of the uncertainty of time, What is there now? Are you grasping the colors of Calvary, which means nothing less than the hand

of the Bleeding Lamb, who gave *His all for sinners?* Are you grasping the interests of never-dying souls? Are you holding tight to a life of desperate love and zeal and sacrifice for others?

"Are you thinking most of *souls* or *self?* Most of *men* or of *money?* Most of *eternity* or of *time?*

"Are you in the thick of the fight where the Cross is heaviest, but where *Jesus is nearest,* or are you on the outskirts of the fray, walking with those who are neither 'cold nor hot' for your Lord, and pleading that your health is indifferent, or that your circumstances are unfortunate, or that your friends are opposed, while others like that standard-bearer are trampling upon every human consideration, are turning a blind eye and a deaf ear to the fascinations and beseechings of time, and out on the broad field where millions perish are proving by the very cross they carry its power and its attraction to win thousands for the crown?

"My comrades, my beloved comrades, *one last word* to those of you who *are* with us in the heat of the battle. Your hearts are ofttimes tried to the uttermost—your hands are often weary. There are seasons when you are tempted to think that you 'tread the winepress alone, and that of the people there are none' with you. But, believe me, while with a pure heart and single eye you grasp that crimson banner—while you hold in your bosom the Blood-and-Fire Flag—it may seem sometimes that your comrades are falling on the right and the left of you, that the sky of human prospect is dark above you, that even the assurance of victory has failed you, and that your best and most relied upon companions have forsaken you. But while the dear Flag, which means all that is noblest and best and most eternal, is left you, I tell you *you are rich*—I tell you *you are triumphant,* and those who have gone before us and are sharing in the spoils of eternal reward echo my words from the skies.

"God would rather the stars should drop out of the

firmament than fail you. He lives to uphold you. Jesus died to bring you off victorious. He has declared that you shall shine as the stars forever, and sooner or later the dawn of victory will crown your sufferings, sorrows and sacrifices, and in life and death you will be honored to lift up an eternal standard for Calvary, with triumph on your brow."

CHAPTER IX.

America—Behind the Scenes.

1896-1903.

And yet brilliant as were the Consul's public efforts, and though it was by them that she will ever best be known to the people, it was the Consul *behind the scenes* who won the tenderest love and most affectionate loyalty of those who were privileged to stand within the inner circle of her influence.

The fact that such vast crowds gathered together to listen to her words never seemed to make her blind to her opportunities in dealing with individuals. She would bestow infinite pains upon the saving of a single soul that appeared to be threatened with spiritual shipwreck.

The following beautiful letter was addressed to one who was passing through a period of severe temptation. The outpourings of her great heart as manifested in this letter are but illustrative of a thousand similar efforts on her part to reach and rescue some individual whom others would have passed by as a hopeless case, or as scarcely worth saving, but over whom her compassionate nature yearned with inexpressible longing.

"*Strictly Personal.* "Cleveland, Ohio.

"My Dear ———

"It is nearly midnight. I am very weary. I have been spending the day at the Fort Herrick Colony—visiting the cottages and praying and talking with the dear Colonists. A heavy week lies before me. But so much have you been upon my heart to-day that, tired as I am, I cannot seek my rest until I have at least thrown a few words on paper for you.

"———, I tried to talk to you the other day as I would have wished *you to talk to me* had I stood where you stand. I spoke out of my deepest heart—out of my strongest convictions as to what *God* feels about this matter and as to what Jesus of Calvary would have you do. I *realized* your conscience *bore me witness* that it was so, and *echoed the truth.*

"Then I ask you, Can you, in the face of this, risk your soul, your future, your Eternity, and the souls and future and Eternity of perhaps thousands more by *turning aside* and seeking self? Can you leave the sphere of *soul-seeking* for *money-seeking?* Can you forsake the *Cross* for earthly gain? Will health, or pleasure, or ease, or the reputation for being a *'smart business man',* or *anything else,* profit you on your dying bed. Your life will be *gone then,* and all and only that which can give you real satisfaction, either now or then, will be as to what influence you are exerting in the earth for all that *Calvary* taught and all that the Blood-and-Fire Flag stands for. These three lines came to my mind as I was thinking of you to-day, and I remembered, while tears filled my eyes, how often you had helped us sing them:

"'Your gold will waste and wear away,
Your honors perish in a day,
My portion never can decay,
Christ for me!'

"Your face has shone and your heart has danced as you

have realized your Eternal treasure and the glorious, fadeless bliss of your everlasting choice.

"What do you think you are going to find in the half-and-half existence of a less consecrated life? Others who have never tasted of 'purest streams of richest worth' may be in a sense content with the smaller *driblets* of a semi-worldling career, but *for you* NEVER!

"You have been too out and out a Soldier, too happy a Saint, too consecrated an Officer, too successful a soul-winner and warrior ever to be content with *less* than that to which *Jesus has called you,* and with all the earnestness of my soul, and by all you value most for earth and Heaven, I beg you not to leave your post, not to break your pledges, not to weaken the faith and confidence of your comrades, not to disappoint *your General,* not to hurt the Commander and me, not to forget the vows that your children have heard and *will remember,* not *to take back* a 'part of the price,' but having 'sworn to your own hurt' to let earth and hell battle against you in *vain,* and by the grace that is sufficient to *overcome* even as the Martyrs and Apostles and latter-day Salvationists have overcome. *Go through by the Blood of the Lamb!*

"Don't be deluded into imagining that you can *'slip out quietly.'* No doubt that thought was presented to Jesus in Gethsemane (for He was tempted on every point like as we are). *You can't.* Your comrades are hearing rumors, and are wondering and whispering and questioning already. Some have asked me, some have asked the Commander, some have asked the Chief Secretary. Many have doubtless asked many more—and some have not spoken, but have trembled for you in the depths of their own hearts! ———, remember those whom you have lifted and blessed and taught and inspired, and in behalf of *these* and others whom you can yet lead up to the steps of Calvary and on to the heights of resurrection glory, *'Stand fast.'*

"Tell ——— and ———, and everybody and anybody

else concerned, that you are going back to your *'First Love'*—back to the Cross, back to the battlefield, back to the *thick of the fight;* that after the little *rest* to body and brain and nerve, and a *big baptism of your soul,* you are going to live as you have never lived, every precious moment dedicated to the inspiring of your officers, for the uplifting and blessing of a perishing world!

"———, I declare to you, that if we were going to live here *forever* and *earth* was our everlasting home, I should not want a life consecrated to the winning of *money.* I've seen enough of its wretched, narrowing, withering, *damning effect!* I would *still* want to live *for others' happiness and others' good.* But, my beloved comrade, *we are dying,* and each day brings us nearer the coffin and the silent grave! Can *we,* of all people living, with *our* light, and *our* experience, and *our* encouragement, and the beautiful comrades who surround us in every land, can we turn aside and seek self?

"No! Tell those around you who would influence you, *you won't do it,* and the Devil will leave you and Angels will minister to you, and Jesus will *come to you* and take up His abode with you, and will comfort you and gladden you, and health and strength, I am verily assured, *shall be yours,* and a glorious and uninterrupted future of victory insured!

"I've been toiling all the week among the *wealthy,* getting money—*money for Jesus.* I've succeeded in getting $10,000. I should have had to work a long time to *earn* that much outside the ranks, and then, should I have felt like laying it at His feet? *I don't know!* I only know I don't mind begging for *Jesus, but I'd rather be crucified than start money-hunting for myself.*

"———, your *real heart* feels *just the same*—don't sell your birthright! Don't! don't!! don't!!! We shall reckon upon you to the *last gasp.* Your turning aside will hurt God's little ones, will weaken His weak ones, will make it harder for His devoted ones, while your *holding on* will

strengthen and put new life into *scores* and yet mean the salvation of multitudes!

"HOLD ON! *And again I say,* HOLD ON!

"Yours, praying without ceasing for you,

"EMMA M. BOOTH-TUCKER."

Nor was it only those whom she knew and in whom she happened to be personally interested with whom the Consul would tenderly, and yet faithfully, deal. On one occasion she was traveling on an electric car when a policeman stepped in with a handcuffed prisoner. The Consul crossed the car and took a seat beside the criminal. "I saw you were a Salvationist," he said. "I was wondering whether you would speak to me." She *did* speak to him, and the tears were in his eyes when they parted company shortly after.

On another occasion she took a railway journey to Sing Sing Prison to personally see a notorious young murderer named Stewart. He was but a boy, but his crime had been of a very deliberate and terrible character. All through his trial he had manifested the utmost hardness and indifference, and was never known to shed a tear. But the Consul had not been talking to him long before the sleeve of his prison dress was being used by the boy to wipe away his freely flowing tears. With her usual tact and tenderness the Consul handed him her pocket handkerchief, leaving it with him as a memento of her visit and of his pledge to start, even in that prison, a new and better life.

The following incident, illustrative of her watchfulness in regard to these passing opportunities, is best narrated in the Consul's own words:

"I was sitting in the car, and a woman in black occupied the seat at my side. She was sorrowful in appearance, but seemed withal to possess that dignity and independence of demeanor which made me imagine her difficult to approach. She was reading, or appearing to read, from a magazine which she held listlessly, seldom turning over its leaves. A little later and she dropped the book, and I felt instinctively that my opportunity had come.

"'Excuse me,' I said, 'but there seems to be trouble in your face, and I have been wondering whether I might be able to help you. We are sometimes able to help each other as we tread life's stormy pathway.' I had said it hesitatingly, and tears welled up to my eyes as I spoke, which I was careful to do with a voice that others in the car might not hear.

"Opening wide her deep, penetrating, grey eyes, she sighed: 'I was wondering if you would speak to me; I thought you were a Salvation lady. I—I—I am a woman with a broken heart.' That lady afterward unfolded a tale of sorrow too deep and too long for record here. She had known the Lord for years before, had even worked in His vineyard, but sorrow of a very unique character had blighted all the blossom of her life's highest ambition, and in the bitterness and mystery of it all she had forsaken her best Comforter.

"But her weary and chastened and broken spirit was ripe for the feet of the Crucified, who said, 'Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest,' and I had the satisfaction, after kneeling with her in the train at eventide, of realizing in her behalf that the broken and contrite heart He does not despise!"

Toward the close of the General's last great campaign in America the following incident occurred, and is re-

corded by Colonel Lawley, who accompanied the General on his tour:

"We were nearing the end of our journey, and just about to say farewell to our car 'Rambler,' which had taken us safely over so many thousand miles. The baggage had all been taken away; the General and party had left for their quarters. There were but the Consul and three colored men aboard, and there she was, on the car alone, conducting a salvation meeting with these three colored men, telling them of the Jesus that could save and the precious blood that could cleanse. When she saw me a few minutes afterward she said: 'Lawley, I have had a most precious time with the three colored men!' And I fancy I can hear her saying now, 'I believe Isaac will be saved.'"

However busy she might be with her campaigns and other manifold duties, the tidings of bereavement never reached the Consul's ears but she hurried off some consoling message.

For parents who had lost their babe she had a specially printed card on which were the following beautiful and comforting verses selected from a small book of poems. The card was prepared in duplicate and slightly altered, one set being for those who had lost boys and the other for girls. The card was accompanied with a letter of sympathy for the bereaved parents:

THE BABY'S JOURNEY.

"We know that the baby's journey
Led first through the valley dim,
But the loving Christ was with her,
And we trusted it all to Him!

And we know that the royal lilies
That lean o'er that restless tide
Forever, are bright with the glory
That's just on the other side!

"O little, precious traveler!
We know that your baby feet
Have passed the mystic boundaries
Where the earthly and heavenly meet!
Forgotten our good-by kisses,
Forgotten our passionate tears,
In the beauty and light and glory
That met you beyond the stars!

"No pain for the brow death kisses,
No tears for the bright eyes to weep!
She hath passed from our caresses
To those far more tender and deep!
But be pitiful, Lord, if in blindness,
When the fountains of anguish are stirred,
We forget for a moment Thy kindness,
And sigh for our Paradise Bird!"

Writing to an officer who had lost a relative, and was thereby prevented from returning as early as she had hoped to the battle's front, the Consul says:

"MAJOR ———, "October 3d, 1903.
"Dorchester, Ia.

"My Very Dear Major—Your letter touches my heart, and I would assure you without delay of my utmost sympathy and of my prayer for you at this hour of trial and comparative exile, that God will be your sufficiency, keeping your heart fresh and warm and strong in its love for the battle, until you are again permitted to be at the front.

"This sad bereavement must be a terrible shock and anguish to your dear mother, and I would like you to assure her that I shall remember her also in my prayers.

"I am glad of the little silver lining to the cloud which your letter reveals in the tidings that your health is better. Perhaps God saw that you were not strong enough to return to the fray at this moment. I shall hope, however, with combined faith and anticipation, that we shall have you back with us as soon as the warmer weather drives the winter winds and snows away.

"Let me know if there is at any time anything you want, or anything I can do for you, and rely upon me as

"Your leader affectionately and believingly under the Flag,

"EMMA M. BOOTH-TUCKER,

"Consul."

The Consul had a marvelous faculty of saying the right thing at the right time in the right way, and of putting into a sentence or a word a world of meaning. Commissioner Mrs. Booth-Hellberg (the Consul's youngest sister, Lucy) tells a touching story of her last parting with the Consul during a brief visit she was paying to Europe:

"I remember when she came to see me at Berne, one year ago. She arrived in the morning, and left again the same day at seven in the evening, for her time was short, and I would not rob the beloved General of the few short hours she had yet to spend with him before sailing back to America again.

"However, in company with my husband, I went with her a little way on the return journey—as far as a little way station which took us up to midnight to reach. We sat talking in the corner of the dim carriage, her hand in mine and mine in hers. Most of the time we talked about the General, for at the moment a heavy blow had fallen upon his dear, brave heart.

"At this tiny station we stood in the dark and watched

the train carrying out our precious sister. And she leaned from the window, and threw me kisses all the time, and waved her handkerchief. I can see her dear face now! Little did I think it would be the last look she would ever give me. Then as the train bore her further away, she called out these words: 'Lucy—ETERNALLY UNITED.'"

Touching, too, was her last parting with her beloved brother, Mr. Bramwell Booth, the Chief of the Staff. The two had been united together by wonderful ties of home and warfare. It was the Chief who had first encouraged and helped her in her girlhood days to undertake public work. She had been paying a brief visit to the General this year (1903) and was returning to her home in New York. The Chief gives the following touching account of their last good-by:

"I accompanied her to Liverpool, where she embarked on the Campania for her return voyage. After prayer in her cabin, while the warning bell was ringing for those who were not passengers to leave the ship, I said to her, holding her hand, 'We shall meet again!' 'Yes,' she replied, 'here or'—looking upward—*'There!'* And then as by a common impulse we both said, 'Yes, and whoever goes first, the other will hold up the Flag!' Those were her last words to me!"

CHAPTER X.

The Consul's Home.

1903.

1. Blessed Jesus, save our children;
   Be their guardian through life's way;
   From all evil e'er protect them;
   Walk Thou with them, come what may.
   In white raiment
   Let us meet them,
   When earth's shadows flee away.

2. Blessed Jesus, lead our children
   Into paths of service sweet;
   Up the hill of Calvary climbing,
   May they and the sinner meet!
   More than conquerors,
   Let us see them
   Bring their jewels to Thy feet.

3. Blessed Jesus, make our children
   Thine for life and Thine for aye!
   When death's waters overtake them,
   Be their Rock, their Light, their Stay!
   Tender Shepherd,
   Let us find them
   On Thy breast in realms of day.

So FAR as her personal preferences were concerned, the Consul was emphatically a "home-bird." She loved her children with the passionate affection of the tenderest of mothers. In sickness she would watch over them by day and night, regardless of her own food and sleep.

In health she would plan their clothing, their meals, their studies, their recreation, their companionships—not a detail escaped her vigilant eye.

She did not limit her affection for children to her own home. She caused a list to be made of every officer's family in the United States. The children numbered about 800 at the time of her death, but they were none too many for her large heart. The name, age, size and other particulars were carefully recorded, and at Christmas each married officer received a beautiful package, including clothing and toys, which had been prepared under the direction and motherly eye of the Consul. Nothing could be too good in the estimation of the Consul for her officers' children, though she was careful to guard against worldliness. She had taste to her finger tips, so much so that it was a common experience at the large stores for her purchases to be watched and articles similar to those which she had chosen would afterward fill the store windows to draw other purchasers.

Her children's list did not, however, end with the families of our officers. Almost every settler on our three farm colonies was visited in their cottage home, and the Consul's own hand compiled a list of the children, with their names and other particulars. A Christmas parcel for each family was in course of preparation at the time of her death.

It may readily be supposed that the children in return loved the Consul with a peculiar love. "The Consul is

too sweet for anything," was the verdict of a little girl in an officer's home where she had been spending a few hours in one of her trans-continental campaigns.

But it was in her own home in Mount Vernon, a suburb of New York, that the Consul's domestic light shone with a radiance all its own. Never was mother and wife more loving and beloved. Upon that little home circle she lavished the prodigality of her heart's affection, and each member of the household loved her in return with a passionate devotion which hastened to anticipate her slightest wish.

Her confidential talks, tears and prayers with the elder children will remain as a fadeless, priceless heirloom in their memories. When prevented by illness or other circumstances from being at the battle's front, her Sunday evening Bible readings and seasons of prayer with the children were indeed moments of spiritual refreshment.

"Can I tell mama I have been *very* good to-day?" said our little five-year-old Lincoln to his teacher at the public school one day as he was about to start for home. The teacher answered him that he could. He lingered for a moment and then asked again, "Can I tell mama I have been *as good as an angel,* or have I only been *as good as a boy?*" To cheer his mother with what he knew would be to her the best possible sort of news was his eager desire. And in this he but echoed the feelings of the other children.

"Oh!" he said on another occasion, "I would like to

see a most beautiful flower growing in a very dangerous position where in trying to get it I should be run over and killed by an automobile or a car, so that they could take me home dead and say, 'See how much this boy loved his mama!' "

With the Consul the training of her children's hearts and characters was infinitely more important than that of the mere imparting of knowledge, however valuable and useful the latter might appear to be. She studied the disposition of each child, dealt with them faithfully about their shortcomings, drew out and developed their affection, appealed to their judgment and conscience, and entered into their every-day life.

In the management of her children she was fortunate in having the co-operation and assistance of Major Hannah Carr, who for the last thirteen years has shared with us our home, after helping with tender faithfulness to nurse the Army Mother through her long illness.

The following account from the New York Tribune gives a vivid picture of our home at the time of the Consul's death:

MRS. BOOTH-TUCKER'S HOME LIFE.

LOVE OF CHILDREN WAS ONE OF THE CONSUL'S STRONGEST TRAITS—A GREAT MOTHER.

" 'She was a great mother.'

"In these words Major Carr, who has been with Mrs. Booth-Tucker ever since her marriage, fifteen years ago,

summed up the personal side of the woman whose tragic death last week is now being mourned not only by the Salvation Army in the United States, but by many others who came within the sphere of her influence.

"'Mrs. Tucker was passionately fond of children, and never happier than when surrounded by her own little ones,' continued Major Carr. 'This was one of the strongest traits in a wonderfully versatile, many-sided nature. When hardly more than a girl herself, she established a home for the orphaned children of army officers, where she cared for from thirty to forty little ones, and where I assisted her as nurse. It is a proof of the success which attended that early work that nearly every one of those children is now an officer in the Army.

"'She was adored by her own children, and when she was away on a lecture tour they never ceased to look forward to her return and to talk about her. She heard from them through me every day, and when at home, no matter how busy she might be she never shut herself up, or her children out. The six of them, from Frederick, the eldest, to the five-months-old baby, Muriel, were always welcomed by their mother.

"'It was a great delight to her, when Saturday night came round, to put on a big apron and bathe her children. She cut their hair herself. She knew the teachers of every one who was old enough to go to school, and would invite them to tea. She set apart days to go shopping for them with me, and she did not consider it superfluous to buy them nice things, so as to dress them with taste, although, by the rules of the Army, the laces and frills of the average child were omitted. If she did not herself make their frocks and trim their hats, it was simply because she had not the time. She was an excellent needlewoman, and would cut and make a dress or trim a hat as deftly as she could make a pudding or write an article.

"'One reason why she dressed the children largely in the red and blue serges of the Army was because they washed and did up so beautifully. She used to be so

THE CONSUL LYING IN STATE—MEMORIAL HALL, NEW YORK CITY.

pleased when I showed her a dress I had done up fresh and rebraided. It looked as good as new, she would say.'

"Mrs. Booth-Tucker seems to have brought up her little ones in as complete independence of the child study circle and the mothers' club as if those institutions had never been invented. She never belonged to one or the other, according to Major Carr. Her notions of the proper way to bring up children were the old-fashioned ones by which she and her numerous brothers and sisters had been brought up, and their father and mother before them.

"She loved to tell stories to her children, and to read aloud to them religious tales, Bible stories, history and poetry being her favorites, and if at home on Sunday evening she studied the Bible with them.

"Her ideas of child-training extended also to the diet of her children. For herself she never thought about what she ate. But she saw to it that her family had the good plain, nutritious food they needed. A simple breakfast of tea and toast, with perhaps a dish of eggs, would be followed in the middle of the day by dinner. Supper came in the evening—a meal of bread and butter with marmalade, some celery or lettuce, simple cake or cookies and milk, tea being allowed only to the two oldest children.

"The great journalist who said no household was complete that did not have a baby tumbling around on the hearth-rug would have had his tastes satisfied in the Booth-Tucker household. There could scarcely have been a time since Commander and Consul Booth-Tucker were married that there was no baby in their house. Even with William, Evangeline and Tancred lying in their tiny graves there are still six children left.

"Frederick, the eldest, is thirteen. He goes to the Mount Vernon High School and is musical, for, besides playing the violin and piano, he plays the cornet in the Staff Band.

"Catherine Motee has also pronounced musical tastes.

She plays the piano and violin, and last year composed her first song, a Christmas carol, for which her father wrote the words. Motee, as she is called in the family, is a charming child of twelve, although with her spectacles she looks considerably older.

"Mina has always been delicate, and her brown eyes are now very sorrowful and her little face pale with grief. Then there are Lincoln and John Myron, who was the youngest until Muriel came five months ago. John Myron is a fine boy of two years, with beautiful eyes.

"Mrs. Tucker's highest ambition for her children was that they should become officers in the Salvation Army. The two oldest are already corps cadets—that is, they are in the first stage of their training. The studies which the Army prescribes for them at this point include the Army rules and regulations, the character of every department, the religious principles of the Army and the Bible. Every fortnight they are required to write an essay on the lecture which is delivered to them.

"The subject in which Mrs. Booth Tucker took the least interest was, perhaps, the great feminist movements of her generation. For all practical purposes the movement for equal suffrage, the women's club movement, and the higher education of women did not so much as exist for her. She never voted and no one can remember ever hearing her express a wish to vote. Women's clubs did not interest her. She was herself the president of a women's club which included thousands of members in Europe, Asia, Africa and America. She never talked woman's rights. She took them. She was accustomed to the respect, admiration and obedience of the men she met, and she seems to have been as little given to theorizing about the political or social relations of men and women as she was over the training of her children. With a temperament emphatically masterful and militant, she did the things, says Major Carr, 'that other women talk about.'

"Aside from the political aspects of the case, she seems to have believed, however, in the right of the woman with

a message to deliver it. At least this held in religious work. She believed that husband and wife were partners, and that they should work in public in harmony. Where the wife could speak, or sing, or had a talent for public work, in the Army, she thought it ought to be exercised, and she frequently recommended married women to employ a maid to do the housework, thus freeing them for their public duties.

"Mrs. Booth-Tucker was not what is known as a great reader. She seldom sat down with a book or magazine in her hands, and it was a wonder to all who worked with her where she got her information. She never even read the newspapers, either, depending upon her secretary to keep her informed and clip important items for her perusal. She was not a strong woman physically, but had a tremendous capacity for work.

"The house in which the Consul lived is a three-story, corner, gray frame house at Ninth avenue and Third street, Mount Vernon. There are lawns about it, and there is a small front veranda. To the left, on entering, is a small reception-room, known as the Consul's study. Here is a bookcase, a telephone, pictures of army groups, and several portraits of the lamented mistress of the house. In one of the latter she holds in her arms, in a charming posture of maternal love and pride, one of the babies who died. Over its little dress is an embroidered sash with the legend in blue, 'Given to God.'

"Opposite to the Consul's study is the parlor, a large room, equipped with a piano and organ in opposite corners.

" 'Mama's room' is on the first floor—a good-sized, square chamber, furnished daintily, though not luxuriously, with a white iron bedstead with brass trimmings, lace curtains, a white watered paper on the walls, and blue and white paint. Over the bed are framed photographs of Baby Evangeline and the other children. A portrait of Mrs. Tucker's mother hangs over a combination writing desk, and over the bed, in a gilt frame is the motto, 'I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine.'

"The bedroom where Motee and Mina sleep is across the hallway from their mother's. On the wall across from the bed, where their eyes must fall on it the last thing at night and the first thing in the morning, is the motto, 'What would Jesus do?' And over their heads are the last words of their grandmother, the wife of General Booth—'Love one another; meet me in the morning.'

"At the rear of the house on the same floor is 'papa's study,' and upstairs the nursery, as plain a room as could well be, with linoleum on the floor and a few chairs and toys.

"Mrs. Booth-Tucker's last day with her children was a characteristic one.

"After breakfast, which the family ate together, the mother and children went up to her bedroom for prayer. Then she saw that the four eldest ones, who go to school, were properly dressed, and kissed them good-by. She left on her tragic journey a little later.

"There is no crape on the door of the Booth-Tucker house, and no one within is in black. The Army does not believe in putting on mourning when a soldier is 'promoted to glory.' The only sign of mourning that the bereaved father and children will wear is a black cloth band on the left arm, embroidered in red with a cross, surmounted by a crown."

CHAPTER XI.

America—Social Relief Work.

1896-1903.

We have seen the Consul in many different capacities—the dutiful daughter, the tender mother, the trainer of men and women, the Indian Missionary, the platform orator, the energetic worker, the eloquent writer. It was, however, as an organizer and administrator that she manifested some of the rarest ability. She could not only originate plans, but she could critically analyze and discover the weak points in plans which others had proposed. Where these were fatal to ultimate success, her clear mind took in the entire situation at a glance, and she would be firm as the rock of Gibraltar in her opposition to an impracticable scheme. Where possible, however, she would so amend and remold the plan as to entirely remove its objectionable features.

Each branch of our Social operations among the poor came under her vigorous and sympathetic supervision. She loved the poor, and it was an intense satisfaction to her tender heart to know that in America alone our various institutions were able to accommodate and care for in various ways some ten thousand of the neediest poor daily.

The Rescue Work among Fallen Women lay very close to her heart. Mrs. Colonel Higgins acted as her able and energetic assistant in this branch. During the seven and a half years of our command in America the Consul had the joy of seeing our Rescue Homes increase from 6 to 21, the accommodation from about 120 to about 400, the annual income from about $12,000 to $50,000. Some 2,000 girls passed through the Homes during the last twelve months, about 91 per cent. of these being recorded as satisfactory.

One of the last duties of the Consul on earth was to open our splendid new Rescue Home in Buffalo. The building had been acquired, and extensive alterations and improvements made, by our enterprising Provincial Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel McIntyre, at a total outlay of about $40,000, of which about $20,000 had been raised in donations. The Consul formally opened and dedicated the premises, expressing her opinion that the Home was undoubtedly one of the finest of the kind in the world.

Another branch of work which recently drew out the sympathies of the Consul in a wonderful manner consisted of our *Industrial Homes for the Unemployed.* We have now some fifty of these Homes and Stores, with an annual turnover of more than $300,000. A company has lately been established for their extension, and in this the Consul was specially interested. The Homes provide temporary work for the unemployed by the collection of waste clothing, furniture, paper and other articles.

While in St. Louis during her last tour the Consul personally inspected the splendid Industrial Home which we have there just started and equipped. Her last visit on earth to any institution was to the fine new building which we had just rented in Kansas City for an Industrial Home.

Closely connected with our Industrial Homes are our Working Men's Hotels. As a rule the cheap lodging house provides very inferior accommodation for the workingman in the large cities. To meet this need we have established in America some seventy-six workingmen's hotels, where for five or ten cents and upward a man can get his night's lodging with good moral surroundings and religious influences.

The finest of these buildings is on Chatham Square, New York, where a large fireproof ten-story structure has been occupied by us, and constitutes probably the noblest Workingmen's Hotel in the world. While the building was under consideration the Consul paid it personally more than one visit, inspecting it carefully throughout and taking the warmest interest in its capture, when some of us felt inclined to shrink from the heavy financial responsibility that would be involved. Her one great regret was that, instead of purchasing it at the very reasonable figure for which it was offered, we were only in a position to rent it for a term of years, as we hesitated to attempt to raise the large sum necessary for its purchase while so many of our other urgent

claims were occupying the attention of our friends. The Consul watched the progress of this daring effort to solve the lodging-house problem with keenest interest, and great was her joy at hearing of its wonderful success.

Those who have read these pages will readily imagine that our Children's Orphanages occupied a very warm place in the Consul's heart. Never was she happier than in planning for their selection, equipment and comfort, save when she was actually visiting them and gathering the children around herself, or talking to those in charge of the Home.

The most recently acquired property for this purpose, our Children's Home at Spring Valley, near New York, was inspected and selected by herself from among other places which had been offered to us, while her last meeting on earth was held in our beautiful Cherry Tree Orphanage on the Amity Colony. Built by the Colonists themselves with stone quarried in the adjoining bluffs, the place constitutes one of the noblest monuments of the Consul's passionate love for children and of her desire to rescue and care for the city waifs by bringing them up to agricultural pursuits.

Of all our Sociological Departments, however, there was none in which the Consul manifested a keener interest than in our Farm Colonies for the establishment of Country Homes for City Poor. Here her clear mind and boundless sympathies saw the natural solution of the greatest problems of modern pauperology. To make the

workingman into a *home-owner* seemed to her the *beau ideal* alike of statesmanship and philanthropy.

Never was she happier than when the opportunity afforded itself for her to personally visit our three Colonies in Colorado, California and Ohio, comprising about 3,000 acres of land and 400 settlers. Not satisfied with gathering the Colonists together in public meetings, she would call at each cottage and carefully inspect the smallest detail of their home-life and farms. Hence she familiarized herself with the vast and beautiful possibilities that lay before this the most attractive and hopeful of modern philanthropies.

Her tender heart glowed with enthusiasm at the prospect of moral and spiritual enfranchisement for the multitudes of the world's poor, and she delighted in quoting an aphorism which I had coined, "Place the waste labor on the waste land by means of waste capital and thereby convert this trinity of waste into a unity of production."

The hearty reception given to our colonization plans at the recent National Irrigation Congress of 1903 was like a bright star in her horizon, as it seemed to bring within the region of early realization what had filled her heart with eager anticipation and comforted her in the contemplation of so much of human misery in our great cities.

It was on our principal Colony at Amity, Colorado, that she spent the last days of her life, planning for the

immediate extension of the work, and eager to afford a wider scope to its possibilities.

During the Consul's stay in America our spiritual and social operations made the following increases and developments:

Institutions and Officers.	1896.	1903.	*Increase.*
Officers and Employees....	2,000	3,284	1,284
Corps and Institutions....	700	911	211
Workingmen's Hotels.....	2	76	74
Industrial Homes and Stores	1	53	52
Hotels for Women.....	1	5	4
Children's Homes.....	1	3	2
Rescue Homes for Women.	6	21	15
Farm Colonies.....	—	3	3
Total nightly accommodations for the poor.....	600	10,000	9,400
Total beds provided during the year, about.....	200,000	3,000,000	2,800,000
Annual expenditure on poor relief, about.....	$20,000	$800,000	$780,000
Number supplied with free Christmas dinners.....	—	300,000	300,000

CHAPTER XII.

Last Days on Earth.

October, 1903.

Had the Consul known that her beautiful and blessed career was drawing to a close, she could scarcely have planned for its last few weeks a worthier or more useful termination.

Previous to leaving New York she had devoted herself to putting the finishing touches to what was known as the Red Crusade, our great Fall and Winter spiritual campaign.

On Sunday, October 4th, the anniversary of her mother's death, she took part in her last public meeting in New York. Miner's Theatre on the Bowery had been engaged for the occasion. It was the conclusion of a Nine Days' Crusade, in the course of which 197 persons came publicly forward to the penitent form.

The Consul threw herself enthusiastically into the effort. For the Bowery "Boys" she had always cherished a specially warm place in her heart. During the recent Harvest Festival and on many previous occasions she had conducted some wonderful meetings on the Bowery. And now, by the courtesy of the proprietor, we had been able to secure for a nominal sum one of the largest theatres

in this notorious district. She was eager to make the most of the opportunity.

A striking service had been planned in previous years by her brother, Mr. Bramwell Booth, in which he had given a funeral address from an empty casket. The Consul felt that a meeting of this character would be calculated to awaken the careless and make them think of eternity.

She sent a request to a friendly undertaker for the loan of a casket. It was gladly granted, with a kindly message that they trusted it might be many years before she needed one for herself.

Arrayed in a red costume, to emphasize the inauguration of the Red Crūsade, the Consul walked beside me at the head of the procession which marched from our hall to the theatre. Crowds followed, the theatre was packed, and with the empty coffin laid on the front of the platform, a powerful service followed, at the conclusion of which thirty-one souls professed conversion.

At night another crowded meeting was held in the theatre and resulted in thirty-nine professed conversions, many of them wonderful cases—making a total of seventy for the two meetings.

The Consul was in her element. The sight of those great audiences, gathered in this world-famous centre of sin, stirred her great soul to its very depths. "Can't we buy or build a theatre on the Bowery and have these meetings going every Sunday all the year round?" she

asked me earnestly. And then her mind went off to her beloved father. "How delighted the General would be at such a sight. Surely we have friends in America who will do it, if only we can get them to come and look upon this beautiful sight."

The prayer meetings were long, but the Consul appeared to forget her weariness in her eagerness to see some more sinners come forward. As I went in and out among the audience, talking individually to those who appeared to be under conviction of sin, the platform presented a scene which will remain ever painted on my memory as the Consul stood in her scarlet Red Crusade uniform, suggesting now a chorus and again a prayer, or a brief invitation.

On the following Wednesday there was a Council of Field Officers at our National Headquarters. About three hundred were present. During the entire morning session the Consul spoke with a freedom and a power that even we who had heard her oftenest had seldom known. So great was the impression made upon my own heart that I took down as rapidly as I was able the outline of her address. We had not anticipated so powerful a season, and had not arranged for any shorthand to take notes. Still less did we imagine that it was to be her last message to our officers. Had she herself known it, however, her words could not have been more appropriate.

Her subject was, "The Kingdom of Heaven Suffereth

Violence and the Violent Take It by Force—"Violent religion" being her theme—to be beautifully illustrated and enforced by the next few weeks of her own life, as it had been, indeed, by the years that had gone before!

The next evening, Thursday, she started for her Western tour—the last of her life. Buffalo was her first halting place. Here the beautiful new Rescue Home for Fallen Girls was opened on Friday, the Industrial Home visited on Saturday, and public meetings conducted in a large theatre on Sunday.

During the following week she visited Bradford, Du Bois, Punxsutawney and Titusville. In each of these cities a Salvation Army hall had been recently erected, and the local work received a powerful stimulus by the Consul's visit. Her vivid pictures of the vastness of the need, both spiritual and temporal, and of the successful efforts made by the Army to meet it, carried conviction to all hearts.

Lieutenant-Colonel McIntyre, in whose province these meetings were conducted, gives some touching sidelights on the Consul's indefatigable toil. At the conclusion of a crowded meeting, when she spoke for more than an hour and a half, she insisted on having a further meeting with the soldiers of the corps, explaining to them the Red Crusade, and urging them to make special efforts for winning souls.

At Du Bois she missed from the platform the face of Jim Hall, a prominent Salvationist, who had died since

her previous visit. At the close of the service she greeted his widow and daughter with sympathy and tears.

In Punxsutawney, where the city band headed the march and assisted at the open-air, the Consul sent for the leader, shook hands with him and thanked him, sending through him her kind regards to all the members of the band.

And when, at the conclusion of this part of the tour, she was waiting for her train, which did not leave till 1 a. m., the interval between the close of the meeting and the departure of the train was occupied with correspondence. "To those accompanying her on the trip," says Colonel McIntyre, "it has been a revelation to see what the Consul accomplishes in the way of work."

On the following Saturday and Sunday a series of meetings had been arranged to take place in St. Louis, now the busy centre of preparation for next year's World's Fair.

One of the St. Louis daily newspapers published the following graceful editorial welcoming the Consul to the city:

"A light in the window!

"There are many human lights—men and women who by the warm light of love are calling wanderers home.

"Mrs. Booth-Tucker is such a one.

"A woman whose work of rescue has the approval of both God and man.

"A woman whose daily life is based on those beautiful lines:

" 'Brightly beams our Father's mercy from His light-house evermore,
But to us He gives the keeping of the lights along the shore.'

"Because of her work on behalf of God's erring ones the World bids Emma Booth-Tucker welcome.

"May her life be blessed even as she is blessing the lives of many, and may she long remain

"A light in the window."

The first meeting planned for the Consul was in the Merchants' Exchange, a privilege said to have never before been accorded a woman speaker. Prior to her address an informal reception was held in the directors' room, a number of the directors being presented to the Consul. Promptly at twelve, when the bell rang for the cessation of business, the President of the Exchange, Mr. T. R. Bullard, escorted the Consul to the rostrum, where for some twenty minutes the Consul held the undivided attention of that large audience of business men, who were captivated alike by her womanly grace and by the array of facts and arguments with which she was able to meet them on their own ground.

Still more remarkable was the meeting in the magnificent Odeon Music Hall, where the spacious auditorium and boxes were crowded with a representative gathering of leading citizens, who listened with rapt attention for an hour and a half to the Consul's great lecture on "Waste, Want and Work." At one moment a ripple of

smiles would sweep over the vast congregation at some humorous sally; at another the unbidden tears would flow at the story of some touching episode. None in the audience dreamed that it was the speaker's last great public effort, and that in ten days the voice that had charmed them with its pathetic and eloquent appeals would be stilled in death!

The new Headquarters and Industrial Home in St. Louis, recently rented for a term of years and equipped for the purposes of our work, was visited by the Consul, who was greatly pleased with this new and worthy landmark of advance.

From St. Louis she proceeded to our Farm Colony in Colorado. On the journey she wrote her last autograph letter to the General, her father. It bears the postmark of Newton, Kansas, and from it we make the following extract:

"On the Train, October 20th, 1903.

"Personal.

"My Precious General:

"I am still on the wing. We were at St. Louis on Sunday, where we had in some respects a rather remarkable day. The entire feeling of the city has been distinctly different since your visit—the sympathy is most marked. I had the big Odeon Music Hall in the afternoon, and the crowd was *splendid.*

"I also spoke for 'fifteen minutes' (stretched a little) in the Merchants' Exchange, a huge marble structure. No woman, they say, has ever been heard there before. This was on Saturday at noon, and quite a number of the leading business and money men turned up at the Odeon next day.

"Can't write more. How I wonder how you are! 'Up above us all so high, like a *diamond* in our sky'—though perhaps I ought to say *cyclone*, or *race-horse*, or—— But there is no *simile fine enough!*

"Good-night. Would that you were here, so that I could *say it,* and hear all *you* would like to say, and then start off again to try and carry out your wishes with better success, as Your unfailing

"EMMA."

On the evening of the same day that she mailed the above letter the Consul reached Amity, our Farm Colony in Colorado.

Here upon the prairies, in the valley of the Arkansas River, we have a beautiful stretch of 2,000 acres of rich irrigated land, on which some three hundred men, women and children have been settled. Its location, some 3,500 feet above sea-level, makes it a natural sanitarium of a most healthful and invigorating character. The bracing atmosphere is nature's tonic for wearied brain and nerves, or suffering body. The Consul felt the benefit of the change, and cheered us with the news of her improved health.

But her visit was not intended for purposes of rest, and she took full advantage of the invigorating climate by putting in a season of ceaseless work. The cottages were visited, the Colonists were gathered together in council, and a busy Sunday of revival services resulted in forty-six kneeling at the mercy-seat.

To Colonel Thomas Holland, our able National Colo-

nization Secretary, with whom the Consul resided during her stay on the Colony, she expressed her great pleasure at the wonderful progress manifested since her previous visit, deciding that he should accompany her to Chicago with a view to arranging for the various advances which she had planned.

The ill-fated train that was to take the Consul on her last journey pulled into the Amity Depot about 1 a. m. A party of the Colonists spent the last few moments with her at one of the stores.

Here they waited until the train was sighted, and a happy crowd gathered round the kitchen fire, the Consul speaking brightly and pleasantly. She told them how sorry she was that she had forgotten to mention in her talk at the Cherry Tree Home that evening that on the return of the foreign representatives from the International Congress at London the coming year, as they passed through the States on their way to the Pacific Coast, they would stop at the Colony and have a gala day.

As she boarded the train, accompanied by Colonel Thomas Holland and her secretary, Ensign Hester Dammes, the Colonists and the party sang together—

God be with you till we meet again!
By His counsels guide, uphold you,
With His sheep securely fold you,
God be with you till we meet again!

CHORUS.
Till we meet, till we meet—
Till we meet at Jesus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet,
God be with you till we meet again!

It was an appropriate and touching conclusion, not merely to the five days' visit, but to her entire efforts on behalf of the Colony. Its interests had ever been very close to her heart, since she had driven across the prairie and helped to select the site. With that wonderful statesmanlike grasp of mind and prophetic spirit for which she was so remarkable, she had seen in it not merely the work it had actually accomplished, but the germ of vast possibilities for the deliverance of multitudes of the worthy poor.

From a very touching account of these last days, written by the Consul's secretary, we append the following extract:

"We arrived at Amity, Colorado, at 4.30 a. m., Wednesday, October 21st, in the cold, early morning air. One of the first tunes played on the piano the morning of our arrival was 'There's a Land that is Fairer than Day.'

"Public Salvation meeting was held the same night at the schoolhouse. Friday the Consul visited the Colonists. At night she had several interviews in the little parlor of Colonel Holland's house. The next day, Saturday, was also spent in visitation.

"Several days after the Consul's arrival, one of the doctors on the Colony telephoned to Mrs. Holland that he wanted to live a better life and wished to have a talk with the Consul. He came to the Colonel's cottage, and after a little talk the Consul, Mrs. Holland and the

doctor knelt in earnest prayer on his behalf. He arose a happier man than when he came in. The following Sunday the doctor gave public testimony.

"Sunday, October 25th, the Consul's last Sunday on earth, dawned beautifully bright and clear. The Consul spoke to the Juniors in the morning service, and twenty-six children knelt at the penitent form. At the close the children gathered around the Consul, one little boy's head tucked under her arm, and the closing hymns were sung.

"Very enthusiastically the Consul sang and resang one of the new Army choruses, with a motion of the hand for each line:

"'He'll wash your sins away, He'll wash your sins away;
Doubts and fears will disappear, your night will turn to day;
For Jesus died on Calvary, and there your ransom did pay,
And though your sins are crimson red, He'll wash them all away!'

"The Consul read the Bible lesson in the afternoon and night meetings, and helped in the prayer meetings, going down among the people in the audience and speaking to some individually. The night meeting closed at quarter to eleven with a happy praise meeting, the old and new converts testifying.

"Monday noon the Consul visited the Cherry Tree Orphanage. At night she visited one Colonist family at his home, and after returning to the Colonel's cottage had a talk with a Colonist in Colonel Holland's parlor.

"Tuesday morning the Consul again went out visiting. After visiting one of the Colonists in the evening, the Consul proceeded to the Cherry Tree Home, where at seven o'clock a supper was given to the Colonists. After short talks by several of the Colonists and friends the Consul arose to speak. She urged them to have faith in God, told them they were not alone in their difficulties, that when they were in trouble it was shared also by the Com-

mander and herself, and inspired them onward. Among the improvements she told them would be made was that a Salvation Temple would be built, and the cemetery also would be brightened up."

During the waking moments of the journey the Consul was busily occupied with the dictation of letters to Ensign Dammes and with the preparation of notes for the council on Colony affairs, which she was expecting to hold with myself and Colonel Holland in Chicago a couple of days later.

Her original plan had been to travel via St. Louis, with a view to meeting a gentleman in that city and showing him over our Industrial Home. Unhappily at the last moment she had received a telegram saying that the interview could not be arranged. Hence with her usual promptitude she had altered her plans and had decided to go direct to Chicago, wiring me to meet her there, and arranging to devote the interval previous to her meetings to a consultation on Colony affairs.

She was always in the habit of preparing her mind most carefully for these conferences, whatever might be the subject uppermost for consideration. Every important point would be jotted down—no detail was too small to escape her attention, although it was upon the main questions that she concentrated her heaviest artillery.

It was indeed an education to be with her at such times. She expected each one of us to come prepared

with our notes for the occasion. Frequently she would give us suggestions beforehand as to the questions on which she wished us to be specially prepared. Seated in some quiet room, where we could be perfectly free from interruption, she would lead the way. "Now, who is going to empty their bucket first?" Sometimes it was one, sometimes the other. But in each case her mind usually flashed with lightning rapidity from question to question, and by the time the Consul had "emptied her bucket" there was generally but little more to be said. Her clear judgment helped us to decide matters in rapid succession, and as we did so it would be settled as we went along—"You see to this, I'll see to that."

Her practice was the same with all our Staff, whether at Headquarters or on the Field. They always welcomed the presence of the Consul at a conference, placing unbounded reliance on her judgment and rejoicing to bring it to bear upon our difficulties.

The preliminary preparations for these councils were always most interesting.

We can readily imagine with what intense eagerness she spent her last day on earth in preparing her "brief," as she would call it, for the Chicago conference. The prolonged visit she had paid to the Amity Colony had acquainted her with the difficulties as well as advantages of the colonization scheme, and her master mind had resolved to place the work on a larger and more extensive basis.

One singular characteristic of the Consul, however, was never to allow herself to be so absorbed by the most prominent topic of the hour as to exclude from consideration other important business which might ordinarily have been forgotten.

Hence she had wired to Lieutenant-Colonel Addie, the officer in charge of the Southwestern Province, to meet her if possible at Topeka and travel with her as far as Kansas City, thus enabling her to get a careful insight into the various branches of work in his province.

Colonel Addie was in Texas at the time he received the telegram, but to our provincial officers an opportunity to sit down and talk over the problems of the war face to face with the Consul was a privilege which was ever prized beyond words to express. It seemed as though for the moment she could forget every other command and interest but theirs, while her mind would range freely over every nook and cranny of their needs, at one time absorbing information like a sponge, at another moment throwing out suggestions like a cloudburst, or again divining some solution for a perplexing problem. The personal element was never forgotten. The welfare of each member of the Staff and of their families was dwelt upon with sister-like solicitude, and practical suggestions made in case of sickness.

Colonel Addie tells us that high as had ever been his opinion of the Consul's gifts, and deep as had ever been his affection and admiration for her character, on this

occasion it seemed as though it were rather the voice, the look, the touch, the words of an angel, than of a human being. There seemed such an air of other-worldliness about her. Had she known her feet to be planted upon the doorstep of Paradise, and had those been her farewell greetings, they could not have been more forceful or tender.

As the train neared Kansas City she asked whether it would not be possible to hire a hack and pay a visit to the new Industrial Home which had just been rented.

The train made but a brief stay in the city, but there was just time for her wish to be carried into effect, and her last active work on earth consisted in giving an impetus to a branch of our operations for which she entertained the highest hopes.

But it seemed as if during those few last hours on earth her heart specially hankered after a great revival of religion. She spoke of the Red Crusade, which had been so successfully inaugurated in the theatre on the Bowery, New York, of the effort to make it a universal soul-sweep throughout the country, and of her own approaching campaign in Chicago and other cities, with the blessed meetings she had just concluded in Amity, and the forty-six souls at the mercy seat.

Colonel Addie was able to tell her that throughout his province the spiritual fire was spreading, and that during the previous Sunday they had seen sixteen souls at the Cross in Dallas.

And then she asked the Colonel, who is one of our leading song writers, whether he had lately composed any songs of a heart-searching character, such as would be calculated to create conviction among the sinners and backsliders who attended her meetings.

The Colonel replied that he had just made up some new words to an old tune which he thought would exactly answer her purpose. The chorus he had not changed, as it was so solemn and effective:

"You never can tell when your death bell's tolling,
You never can tell when your end may be!
Cast your poor soul in the sin-cleansing Fountain!
Come and get saved and happy be!"

"That will do splendidly," said the Consul; "let me hear the verses."

Sitting in the train beside her, Colonel Addie then sang over to her the following words:

1. Bony fingers and pale faces
Plainly tell you're near the last;
But with none of those death traces
Many now are dying fast.

2. The pale white horse will overtake you,
You can't escape, Death knows your name;
If your sins are unforgiven,
You shall have yourself to blame.

3. Every day we see Death's reaper
Mowing down both young and old;
The rich and poor can find no favor
In the grave so dark and cold.

4. Time and place will cease to know you,
Men and things will pass away;
You'll be moving on to-morrow,
You are only here to-day.

When he came to the last verse she made him sing it over three times, saying it was just what she wanted, and telling him to be sure to forward her the words to Chicago without delay, in order that she might use them in her campaign. Little, oh, little did she think they would be sung in that city but two days later by the Colonel himself over her mortal remains amid a very tempest of tears and sobs.

The Colonel had but bidden adieu to the party some four or five hours, when a violent ring brought him to his telephone. It was from the office of the Kansas City Journal that he received the terrible news that the train he had so recently left had been wrecked, and that it was stated that Mrs. Booth-Tucker and Colonel Holland had both been fatally injured.

Rushing hurriedly down to the depot, the Colonel was in time to board the special that was just leaving for the scene of the accident with medical assistance.

Meanwhile, as soon as Colonel Addie had left, the doomed train had pulled out of the Kansas City depot and was speeding on the last stretch of its journey to Chicago.

The Consul summoned her faithful secretary, Ensign

Dammes, to her side, and continued dictating letters for some time.

She then told the Ensign that she could retire to the rear coach, where arrangements were being made for the party to pass the night. She was herself seated in a "deadhead" tourist sleeping-car, which was not being occupied, as this gave her an opportunity for quiet conference with Colonel Holland.

Twice the porter had been to tell her that her sleeper was made up and that she could retire as soon as she desired. But "the zeal" of the cause "consumed her." She was anxious for a little longer time to complete her notes for the next morning's conference.

At length she rose to retire and was making her way to the rear coach, when with an awful crash the wreck occurred.

The train was passing the depot at Dean Lake, Mo. The engine and baggage car had safely passed the switch when the front wheels of the "deadhead" car struck it and the entire passenger coaches became detached from the baggage car and were flung with fearful violence against a large steel water tank near the track.

Being the front coach, the main force of the terrible impact was felt by the car in which the Consul and Colonel Holland happened to be the only passengers. They were completely buried in the débris, the car being totally wrecked. A number of passengers in the next

coach were injured, while those in the rear coaches, though severely shaken, were unhurt.

Brigadier-General Harries and Major Ourand, militia officers of the District of Columbia, who had been passengers on the train, at once organized gangs of workers from the passengers and villagers who rushed to their assistance. Colonel Holland was first reached and laid unconscious by the railroad track. A few moments later Mrs. Booth-Tucker was released from the débris. She was unconscious, and it was evident from the nature of her injuries that she must have been rendered insensible at the moment of the impact. One terrible blow had been received at the top of the forehead and another at the back of the head, each sufficient to have resulted in death.

Dr. Hunter, of Pittsburg, who was also a passenger on the train, had providentially brought with him his medical requisites and was able to administer such relief as the case required, but it was evident that the injuries precluded all hope of recovery.

For two hours and a quarter life lingered. The only symptom of consciousness during this time was that the hand was once raised as though feeling for some one in the dark. General Harries, in behalf of the loved ones far away, grasped the outstretched hand and held it in his own till the warrior spirit took its flight, and exchanged cross for crown, sword for palm of victory, the battle din of earth for the Saviour's "Well done."

The exact time of the accident was indicated, as well as the violence of the concussion, by the Consul's watch, which stopped at eleven minutes and twenty-five seconds past nine p. m. The guard for the watch had been made by our eldest boy, Frederick Kristodas. On the back of the watch were engraved the words "Love and Sorrow," the name of the lecture which the Consul had been delivering when the watch was given to her.

The Golden Stairs she sang of, day by day
She climbed, but not alone;
Tired feet she helped along the rugged way,
Stained souls she led to cleansing, pure array
And gladness, else unknown.

The last steep won, beneath the midnight stars
She lays all burdens down,
As from the awful wreck of truant cars
Angelic hands uplift her from the wars
To bear her to the crown.

Beyond the short-lived anguish, through the crash
Of terror and surprise,
She sees the Gate in pearly radiance flash,
Looked for so long, and hears cool waters plash—
Pure streams of Paradise.

In blood-washed robes of living sheen and whiteness
That shames the driven snow,
All unafraid amid the glistening brightness
Her spirit springs alert in strength and lightness
No mortal frame can know.

Swift to the Throne celestial wardens bore her
The Father's Home within,
Familiar voices sing glad welcomes o'er her,
And bright forms press in shining rank before her,
To lead the triumph in.

At Jesu's feet her raptured soul outflowing,
To Him all praise she gives.
While countless throngs with love and ardor glowing
Anew take up the strain for ever growing,
"The Lamb Who died and lives."

Brave Leader, tender Mother, noble Wife,
Who shall compute our loss?
Swept from our midst in fulness of her life,
While from her hand, so tireless in the strife,
Suddenly drops the cross.

"Why has she left us?" cries the heart in vain.
We say, "It is God's Will"—
"His will be done—although in tears and pain";
A morn shall dawn that makes the mystery plain.
We wait, and trust Him still.

God's Work goes on, although the worker dies
No pause His seasons know;
From unknown ranks new laborers shall arise
To wear her mantle, caught from opening skies
Ere fades the heavenly glow.

—JANE L. HOE.

CHAPTER XIII.

Farewell Tribute.

1903.

THE same morning that was to have seen the Consul step off the Santa Fé train in Chicago I reached the Pennsylvania depot with a heart bright with hope and my note-book full of plans for the coming council. I was met by Colonel Sowton and Brigadier Damon, the officers in charge of our Chicago work. Hurrying me into a hack they took me to our Headquarters. Here they broke the news that there had been a railway wreck and that our beloved Consul had passed to her heavenly reward.

The blow fell upon me with crushing force. For hours I lay upon the office floor in an agony of grief and tears. It seemed as though I could not live. To others she had been precious. To myself she had appeared to be a part of life itself. I had often imagined myself wading through Jordan's stream. But the Consul had seemed so indispensable to the Army and the world that I had always believed that she would outlive me many years.

It was indeed an hour when the human soul realized that nothing but the Divine could suffice, that but for the support which God alone could give, either mind or

SALVATION
CONGRESS HALL

body, or both must give way under the strain of a love-bond broken thus terribly and suddenly.

How that day passed I scarce can tell. I spent it upon my face before God. My tears were indeed my meat. But I prayed and claimed that not one rebellious or unbelieving thought should be allowed entrance into my soul.

In the afternoon Brigadier-General Harries and Major Ourand called and gave me the sad particulars of the dreadful tragedy. The hand-grasp of the hand which had clasped my darling's in death seemed to pass on to me her last mute earthly message with an eloquence that words could not have equaled.

I could almost imagine that forth from the spirit-world her hand was stretched to supply to my wounded heart, as it had so often done in days gone by, "the balm of Gilead," the consolations of the cross, and I was enabled to realize that however terrible the calamity might be for us, for her it was "joy unspeakable and full of glory."

Late in the evening the train brought to Chicago the mortal remains of our beloved leader, and I was permitted to gaze once more into her precious face. The fatal blow upon her brow was covered with a tress of hair, the rest of the dear face, though scarred, was mercifully not mutilated, and wore the peaceful, restful expression of one who was "asleep in Jesus." But the very wounds that marked the awful experience through which she

had so recently passed seemed to endear those loved features to me, reminding me of Him whose "visage was marred" for our salvation. She "seemed like a warrior taking her rest, with her martial cloak around her." I placed my last kiss upon that clay-cold cheek, and kneeling beside her, pledged myself to take up the sword which she had laid down, and to strive to be Consul as well as Commander to our precious comrades and to the people, mother as well as father to our beloved children, and daughter as well as son to our dear General.

There had been some question at first in our minds as to whether we should permit the last look for which so many craved, or rather leave upon the people's hearts and minds the imprint of the bright, beautiful, inspiring face which had so often beamed upon them from the platform.

I have been glad ever since that we complied with the yearning of so many hearts, and I believe that the dear face, so calm, so peaceful, so strong even in death, broke up the fountains of many a sinner's soul, and led to the reconsecration for utmost service of many who belonged to God.

Lying before the very platform which she was that week to have occupied, the beloved form of the Consul, clad in her uniform, with the scarlet vest which was ever so dear to her as typifying the blood of Jesus, preached a loud sermon regarding the uncertainties of life to the more than seven thousand persons who streamed past during the day.

And what shall I say of the night's meeting? There had been but the bare announcements for a single day in the Chicago papers, yet long before the time for commencing the service every nook and cranny of the capacious Princess Rink—one of her favorite battlegrounds—had been occupied, while multitudes were turned away, unable even to find standing room.

Colonel Addie sang the last song she had ever heard on earth. Ensign Dammes described touchingly her last hours, and recounted the story of the wreck. Colonel Osborne, the head of the Women's Training Home, paid a tender tribute, and Brigadier Damon spoke on behalf of Chicago comrades.

The hall was indeed a Valley of Tears, and God helped me to pour out my soul upon those present, so that when Colonel Sowton drew in the net, twenty-eight came forward to the mercy seat and hundreds more rose for consecration.

From the Princess Rink the casket was taken to the Michigan Central Depot, where, in spite of the lateness of the hour, a large crowd had gathered to bid us a final farewell. After a few parting words we sang together, "God be with you till we meet again," to the last strains of which the Consul had listened but two nights previously, as she left the Colony and boarded the train for Chicago.

At Buffalo we were met by Commissioner Eva Booth, the Consul's devoted sister, who is in charge of the work

in Canada. She had come from a sick-bed, in spite of the urgent remonstrances of her doctor, and insisted on accompanying the party to New York and joining in the final services. Colonel Jacobs and a number of the Canadian Staff, together with the Toronto Headquarters Brass Band, also attended the meetings, assuring us that the loss which had fallen upon us as such a heavy blow in America was almost equally felt by Canada.

Messages of sympathy poured in upon us from all quarters of the globe—England, Australia, India, Africa, Germany, France, Holland, Switzerland, Sweden, Norway, Denmark taking part in the expression of unfeigned and universal grief.

Wonderful as had been the tribute that had been paid to our beloved Consul in Chicago, I was indeed totally unprepared for the outpouring of sorrow and sympathy that greeted us in New York.

Telegrams and condolences reached us from all classes, and all seemed to feel alike that they had lost in the Consul a friend and a sister, as well as one of the nation's forefront spiritual leaders. Mayor Low not only sent a personal telegram to me in Chicago, but made a touching reference to the city's loss in one of his public addresses.

Senator Hanna had known the Consul well for the last three years; indeed, she had never turned to him in his busiest moments for advice and assistance but she had received his heartiest co-operation. Although absorbed

in the final rush of an exciting electoral campaign, he sent the following autograph letter:

"My Dear Sir—I am very sorry, indeed, that it will not be possible for me to be present at your services in memory of the late Consul Emma Booth-Tucker.

"I feel that it would be a great privilege for me to have such an opportunity to repeat publicly and to reassure you of my very high regard for one who has done such a great work for this country and for Christianity throughout the world. The good done by such work as hers, and the example of such a life, cannot be measured. Her death is a loss not only to your organization, but to the whole country. I share with you the grief which this catastrophe has brought to you."

From Colonel Myron T. Herrick, Governor-elect of Ohio, in whose home we had been guests, the following tribute was received:

"I cannot be with you to-day, and this I regret more than I can well express. Consul Booth-Tucker was one of the most conspicuous women of the age, if not the foremost. Her influence encircled the world, and we cannot realize that she has really been taken from that vast field of action; that her unequaled personality is to be no longer exerted for the uplifting of mankind.

"As a leader of that noble army of crusaders engaged in rescuing from worse than Moslem rule that humanity for whose redemption the sepulchre was dug; than her life there never was a grander witness to the higher power of woman's life and the greater value of woman's work. A heart-broken family and the sorrowing thousands require only her sublime faith to see the hand of God in it all. Let us remember, in the depth of sorrow, her saintly face raised heavenward, and the thrill of her wonderful eloquence—beside all earthly sorrows, stronger and higher

than they, rising colossal—her sweet faith in the power and beneficence of her God—and again take up the burden, strengthened by the example of her wonderful life, sanctified by its martyrdom.

"Mrs. Herrick and myself join with all the friends in memorium to-day."

Among the many condolences were messages of sympathy from Miss Helen Gould, Mr. and Mrs. Russell Sage, Miss Grace Dodge, Congressman and Mrs. W. R. Hearst, and many others.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Carnegie Music Hall.

THE Carnegie Music Hall had been engaged for the funeral service in New York. It was to take place on Sunday afternoon, November 1. Long before the time for commencement the spacious auditorium was crowded from floor to ceiling, while the police were compelled to close the doors against a crowd estimated to number ten thousand, who were unable to secure even standing room.

It was indeed an impressive spectacle when the funeral procession, headed by the casket, started down the central aisle of the huge building, followed by myself, the children, and other members of her family. The entire audience rose to its feet, and hundreds burst into tears.

The casket, which was of plain oak, without any of the usual black drapings, was covered with the Salvation Army flag, which she so dearly loved, and under which from childhood she had so faithfully and successfully fought. At her mother's side, thirteen years previously, she had draped the flag round the pillow of the saint and had promised afresh fidelity to its principles. And now she was resting peacefully beneath its folds, clad in her uniform, with her bonnet placed upon the flag.

Near the bonnet lay the well-worn Bible which had been her dying mother's parting gift, and which was with her in the wreck, and had come through it uninjured.

The casket was carried up the aisle by eight of our leading staff officers, while our National Staff Brass Band played softly a funeral march which I had composed some ten years previously.

The casket was reverently laid in front of the platform where she had so often stood and from which such multitudes had listened to her pleadings. Oh, how much had passed since April 8, 1896, when first she had there faced a New York audience!

And now with bleeding hearts we had all gathered to pay her the last earthly tributes of affection and admiration. It seemed all too, too sad. Truth had indeed again proved stranger than fiction!

The meeting commenced with the united singing of "Abide with me, fast falls the eventide," after which, in a voice broken with emotion, Lieutenant-Colonel Brengle led in prayer.

And then Mrs. Staff-Captain Durand's clear voice rang through the auditorium. How appropriate the words seemed, as though written for the occasion!

Away from her home
And the friends of her youth,
She hoisted the standard
Of mercy and truth;
For the love of her Lord,
And to seek for the lost,

Soon, alas! was her fall,
  But she died at her post.

The strangers they wept
  That in life's brightest bloom
One gifted so highly
  Should sink to the tomb;
For in ardor she led
  In the van of the host,
And fell like a soldier—
  She died at her post.

Victorious her fall,
  For she rose as she fell,
With Jesus, her Master,
  In glory to dwell;
She has passed o'er the sea,
  She has reached the bright coast,
For she fell like a warrior—
  She died at her post.

And can we the words
  Of our Consul forget?
Oh, no, they are fresh
  In our memory yet:
An example so sacred
  Can never be lost:
We will fall in the fight,
  We will die at our post.

As the last note ended there was scarce a dry eye in the building.

And then Major Hannah Carr, who for two years had nursed the dying Army Mother, and for the last thirteen years had taken charge of our home and had made it possible for the Consul and myself to plan our many campaigns and prolonged absences, told something of

the beautiful domestic side, about which the public would naturally know but little.

It was in Lieutenant-Colonel McIntyre's province that the Consul had conducted the first week of her last earthly campaign. Wonderful crowds had gathered and God had outpoured His spirit. Never had the Colonel known the Consul to be so sympathetic, thoughtful, tender, and yet the quality which had struck him most of all was her *"desperation."* The Colonel had been working under special pressure himself, but so inspired was he with the Consul's burning zeal that, turning to his chief aide, he had said, "Major, we must try and do one better yet!" And he had come to New York with the plans in his possession for a new advance which had been laid upon the Consul's heart, hoping to have presented them to her personally. Among the charges which the Consul had also entrusted to him was to hunt up a girl Lieutenant in whom she was personally interested, and who had left the work without leaving her address. The Colonel had been unable to find her, but she was among the weeping penitents who knelt at the casket-side and reconsecrated herself to God. Among the last notes left by the Consul, written with her own hand, was the Lieutenant's name, underlined three times, and with two marks of interrogation after it, showing that she was determined to follow up the lamb till it had been found and restored to the fold.

Turning from the congregation to myself, Colonel

McIntyre assured me on behalf of himself and our leading Staff that they had resolved as never before to consecrate themselves, with the desperate zeal which had marked our loved leader's last days upon earth, to the war, to the Army and to God.

Grasping his outstretched hand, I embraced him, and we wept together, and the congregation wept with us at the memory of the beautiful spirit that had been such an inspiration to us in our work.

And then Mrs. Brigadier Johnson, who for eighteen years had been intimately acquainted with the Consul, serving her as private secretary in India, Europe and America, told something of the admiration she had felt for the Consul's character and worth. It was those who knew the Consul best who loved her most. With many characters the opposite is the case. The finer qualities are upon the surface, and a closer acquaintance reveals the chips and flaws, the selfishness and imperfections, which, alas! mar the make-up of many of earth's best workers. With the Consul it was not so. She was not only all that she appeared to be upon the platform, but more. The personal magnetism which gripped the crowd and made them feel she knew their need and had their interests at heart, drew to her side in deathless attachment the individual workers who closely surrounded her, and who loved her with an attachment that death could not terminate.

It is said that the old-time sculptors, to conceal de-

fects, would cover flaws in their statues with wax. When exposed to heat the wax would melt and the flaw be revealed. Hence the expression "sine cera"—without wax, sincere. The word sincere just described the Consul in her personal relationship to her personal Staff. There were no cracks, no seams, no flaws that needed covering. She endeared herself to each of them with a thousand tendernesses which seemed to flow from her generous, noble heart as naturally as water from the artesian spring, not merely rising to the ordinary level of human love, but flinging its spray high into the air, where the sun shone upon the drops and seemed to turn them into diamonds.

Ensign Hester Dammes, who had accompanied the Consul on her recent trip, and who was with her when the wreck occurred, next told the touching story of her last hours on earth, her flaming zeal, her burning words, her tender thoughtfulness, her ceaseless activity, her beautiful personality and unselfishness, with the sudden and tragic ending of her earthly career.

The entire meeting was remarkable in many ways. From start to finish the vast audience seemed carried along on a tidal wave of sympathy and tenderness, while from time to time would come a climax of grief that found expression in uncontrollable sobs and tears.

One of these occurred when Colonel Higgins, the devoted and able Chief Secretary of the American work, after telling of the wonderful tours, covering recently

over one hundred thousand miles, in which he had accompanied the Consul, read her last telegram from Amity Colony, describing her Sunday's meetings. It was very unusual, he explained, for the Consul to write out her own telegrams or describe her own meetings. However wonderful and soul-stirring they might have been, she usually left this for others to do. But the Colony had ever occupied a very tender place in her heart, and the telegram served to show how deep was her joy at the beautiful outpouring of God's spirit which she had witnessed during the Sunday's services. The telegram ran as follows:

"Yesterday was one of the most precious Sundays of my life. Eager crowds gathered; rapt attention was given. The Holy Spirit was marvelously outpoured; conviction evidenced on every hand. Sinners—men, women and children—flocked to Jesus' feet, numbering forty-six for the day. Colonel Holland to the front as a flame of fire. Young converts and Colony veterans fought like heroes. All the country-seat stirred. Commander loyally remembered. Enthusiasm immense; prospects glorious. To God be all the praise! CONSUL."

Another of the great climaxes of the meeting was reached when Colonel Higgins read to the meeting the long cable dispatch which had just been received from the Consul's beloved father, the General. Seldom, if ever, has a more beautiful tribute been paid to a daughter, and the hearts of the entire congregation went forth in mellowed sympathy for the bereaved father who had given

for America's salvation one so tenderly loved. We have, we are sure, anticipated the wishes of our readers in reproducing this message in full as an introduction to this volume.

It was indeed a supreme moment in my life when my turn came to pay my tribute to the precious spirit whose mortal remains were enshrined in the casket. If to the Army, if to the poor, if to the world, she had been so much, what words could describe what she had been to me and to our little ones? A thousand memories swept like an avalanche over my heart—home memories, war memories, memories that vividly recalled the hours when she had stood beside me on that very spot, who now lay eloquently silent in her casket. I wept. There was no need to restrain myself. The vast audience wept with me. A tremor, a groan of grief made our hearts quiver with a pent-up unison of sorrow which could only be felt to be understood—not described, nor explained.

And then Commissioner Eva Booth, the Consul's kindred-spirited sister, who had come from a sick-bed to attend the services, though too weak and ill to address the meeting, touchingly concluded the service with a prayer that seemed to penetrate every heart present.

Thousands lingered at the conclusion of the meeting to take a last look at the beloved face, and then the casket was removed to the Memorial Hall for the evening service.

Again the hall was crowded, again the people wept, and during the prayer meeting which followed thirty-four souls knelt around the bier, and vowed that by God's grace they would follow in the footsteps of the one who had so beautifully led the way.

CHAPTER XV.

The Last View and Funeral.

THE following day, Monday, had been specially set apart for those who wished to come and take their last look on earth at her whom the daily papers appropriately called "The Army Angel."

When the doors opened soon after nine in the morning the wide thoroughfare in front of our National Headquarters was already crowded, and from that time onward the steady stream of silent and weeping humanity filed past, as rapidly as they could be kept moving on.

The casket was placed in front of the platform, surrounded with the many floral tributes which had been sent by rich and poor alike. Here was a beautiful wreath inscribed "The Bowery Boys." How it seemed to tell of their appreciation of the last two Sundays spent among them and of her eager plans for their salvation!

Red, blue, and yellow, the Army colors, were worked in another tablet design from the Social Department. A white dove hovered over a beautiful offering from the Scandinavian Comrades. The Central Province, the Rescue Homes, various Corps, and individual Salvationists had ranged their wreaths around their beloved leader's mortal remains.

Touching, too, were the tributes of affection and respect from some of America's leading citizens. In the commonwealth of sorrow there were no distinctions. Here was a wreath from Mr. and Mrs. Sage, in whose home the Consul was ever a welcome and honored visitor. The last call made before leaving the city had been upon Mrs. Sage, whose unfailing and unstinted words of cheer had sent her forth with renewed courage to her work.

The Consul had wanted her to visit our home, that she might see for herself that the warrior side did not interfere with or preclude the mother-love. "Why," she said, "some people seem to think I have too large a family—three in Heaven and six on earth—but do you know my girlhood's aspiration was to have a family of twenty!" The visit was to take place at the conclusion of this very tour, and in place of visit lay this wreath, a sad token of life's uncertainties.

From U. S. Congressman and Mrs. W. R. Hearst came a splendid floral pall in which red roses and white lilies of the valley were resting on a rich background of ferns and greenery. Mr. Hearst, it will be known, is the proprietor of the New York and Chicago American and Journal and the San Francisco Examiner, and with his mother, Mrs. Phœbe Hearst, has been a warm friend of the Army and supporter of our Social operations and colonization work for many years.

In the absence of her father, Mr. Warner Van Norden, president of the Van Norden Trust Company, Miss Cora

Van Norden was among those who had sent a floral tribute with the assurances of her utmost sympathy.

At the back of the platform was a large colored portrait of the dear Consul's father, our beloved General, while above that again was a plain motto in black and white, striking and effective, "She Lived and Died for Others."

Close to the casket were grouped the Army and American flags, while above the casket were placed her Army bonnet and the Bible which her dying mother had given her as "a last token of a mother's everlasting love." It seemed strange that these had come scatheless through the accident.

The New York Daily News thus describes the scenes which took place during the day:

"Resting underneath a coverlet of lilies of the valley and American Beauty roses the remains of Mrs. Consul Emma Booth-Tucker were viewed by thousands yesterday, who filed through the assembly hall at the national headquarters of the Salvation Army on Fourteenth street.

"Before the doors were opened at ten o'clock a vast crowd had gathered at the entrance, and were held back by policemen detailed for that purpose in charge of Captain Aloncle.

"Promptly at ten the doors were thrown open, and the throngs poured into the assembly hall, where the casket was placed beneath a great flag and surrounded with many beautiful floral emblems. At the foot of the casket, and resting upon a Salvation Army flag, was the bonnet worn by the Consul in her army work, and the Bible which she had used for years. Guards from the Salvation Army

stood beside the casket while the never-ceasing streams of people came in at one door and flowed out at the other.

"During the afternoon the crowd was stopped for a few moments while Dr. Louis Klopsch, editor of the Christian Herald, with friends, came in to view the remains. The march was resumed and kept up without cessation until ten o'clock last night.

"During the late afternoon the Salvation Army choir gathered on the platform above the casket and sung those hymns which were best loved by the gentle woman whose body lay in the coffin. Above the casket, at the back of the stage, was a full length portrait of her father, General William Booth, and above all was a great white banner bearing the words in black letters, 'She lived and died for others.'

"The scene was one which has rarely been witnessed in this city so accustomed to scenes of sadness and dramatic interest. Mrs. Booth-Tucker filled a unique place in the hearts of this community, and that she was sincerely mourned was evidenced by the tear-stained faces and the many tributes of love and tenderness spoken about her bier yesterday afternoon.

" 'The first thought of real goodness and being a better man came to me after I had first heard that little woman,' said an elderly man, whose face showed the sorrow in his heart at the passing away of one whose sphere of usefulness was so wide.

"Little groups of Salvation Army 'lassies', who knew her, perhaps, best of all in the daily life and routine of their work, gathered in the hall, and with tear-wet faces spoke in low tones of the many kind acts that characterized the Consul's life.

"One estimate was that 75,000 people reviewed the remains, though a more conservative estimate placed the number at a figure smaller than this. During the afternoon the Commander was seen in the gallery above the throng, looking down with sorrowful face upon the scene."

"Lord, let the weather be fine, that the people who attend the funeral may not catch colds!" was one of the last characteristic prayers of the Army Mother when, with the chilly waters of Jordan rolling before her, she made her slow and painful way across the stream. Ever thoughtful of others, the noble mother had planted in the noble daughter's heart seeds of the same tender, self-forgetful thoughtfulness which made her the best beloved among Army women.

As the day dawned, exquisitely bright and beautiful, with cloudless sky and balmy air, we remembered the mother's prayer and wondered whether the Consul had echoed it.

At 9 a. m. some six hundred of our Staff and Field Officers had gathered for a private service in the large auditorium. We were like one great family, who had lost a sister, a mother. We wept together at our beloved one's casket, and pledged ourselves to her, to each other and to God to follow in her sanctified footsteps till we meet her in the morning.

Meanwhile a dense crowd had gathered which blocked the thoroughfare from our Headquarters to Fifth avenue, and thence along the course the procession was to follow.

A last precious half-hour with my beloved one had been allotted me. Ah! what floods of recollections swept over my heart as I gazed for the last time on that precious face while the farewell tears fell upon the glass. She had

indeed been to me all that God had ever designed as an "help-meet."

And then the sorrowful procession started for the Grand Central Depot at Forty-second street. Our National Staff Brass Band led the way, followed by the long line of sad-faced Salvationists, stretching away into the distance as far as eye could reach. A short distance ahead of the casket came two brass bands which played alternately. The one was the band of the New York Ninth Regiment, whose Armory is opposite our Headquarters, and who had kindly offered their services for the occasion quite unsolicited. We valued the token of sympathy the more as the march was a long one and it was Election Day, the city being full of the consequent excitement. Near the Regimental Band was the National Staff Band from our Canadian Headquarters, who had traveled all night from Toronto to take part in the last exercises.

The casket was followed by four open carriages, one loaded with the floral tributes and the three others containing the members of her sorrowing family and some of the Consul's personal Staff, with Commissioner Eva Booth and Colonel Jacobs, from Toronto.

That march will never fade from the memory of those who took part in it. New York is proverbially a hard city to move. Its very vastness; the cosmopolitan character of its many-tongued nationalities, American, Dutch, German, Jewish, Italian, colored, French,

have made the city one of the most difficult to move. Demonstrations and gatherings which would have stirred other cities from centre to circumference have scarcely sufficed to cause a ripple on the busy surface of New York's rushing stream of business, pleasure and preoccupation.

This appears to be the reason why so many national organizations, whether secular, political, or religious, prefer to have their annual celebrations elsewhere, being more certain of securing the attention of press and public to a far greater degree and with much less effort.

But it seemed on the present occasion as though the entire city had been stirred, and as though every nationality, every class—especially the middle classes and the poor—had realized that in the Consul they had experienced a personal loss.

There was scarcely a break in the solid bank of humanity which lined both sides of Fourteenth street and Fifth avenue, as far as Forty-fifth street, where the procession turned to the depot—two miles of sorrowing sympathizing, and often weeping people. Windows, stoops and coigns of vantage were occupied all along the route, and besides those who took part in the procession hundreds followed along the sidewalk.

In describing the march through the city the New York Daily News observes: "Followed by weeping thousands, the body of Consul Emma Booth-Tucker was laid at rest yesterday afternoon. It is said that the funeral

was the largest which was ever held in this city for a woman, and that the crowd which followed her to the grave was the largest which ever attended any public funeral except that of General Grant."

A special train of fifteen coaches was waiting at the depot, but was inadequate to accommodate the crowds. More cars were added. Thousands had also preceded the procession and had reached the cemetery before the special pulled in. The half-hour's journey on the train was spent by all the mourners upon their knees in alternate prayer and softened song.

Woodlawn is perhaps among the most beautiful of New York's cemeteries. The grounds are laid out with trees and monuments, while the grassy, well-kept swards and beds of flowers help to soften the hard features of sorrow.

It was here that the Consul had herself followed to their last resting place two of our loved children, William and Evangeline. And, alas! with breaking hearts, we were about to bid her, so precious to us all, our last good-bye.

It was an impressive scene that was presented to our eyes by that vast and sympathetic crowd. Every nook and cranny of the wide space which had been chosen for the final service was crowded with a dense throng which for two solid hours in that beautiful autumn afternoon stood and listened and sang and wept. It was estimated

that there were ten thousand persons gathered round the casket.

I have witnessed many scenes, pathetic, tragic and inspiring, and read of many more, but I know of none that for combined pathos, tragedy and inspiration equaled the scene that was enacted upon the hillside of Woodlawn.

In the case of her mother Death had given full warning of his approach, and life had reached the eventide of its glorious career. But here "the silver cord had been loosed and the golden bowl broken" in the prime of womanhood, at the zenith of success, with the foot planted on the very summit of brilliant accomplishment. In the one case the veteran had gone to her reward at the end of a long and victorious campaign; in the other the heroine had fallen flag in hand upon an early battlefield, with her work apparently but half complete. And yet who shall say that the short death-crowned career *was* incomplete? With lives like the Consul's, does not the tragic machinery of death accomplish in a moment those very finishing touches which years of painful toil and sacrifice could not produce? Like the painter who, when unable to produce on his canvas a certain effect at which he had been aiming, in despair flung his sponge at the picture, intending to blot it out, and by that hasty act accomplished what his art had failed to create, so has it been with this life so sadly and suddenly cut short. Death's hand has finished, and not marred, the picture of a consecrated life.

The service at the grave was conducted by our Chief Secretary, Colonel Higgins. Song and prayer and touching tributes were intermingled. The speakers included Colonel Sowton, Lieutenant-Colonel Hicks, Lieutenant-Colonel Osborne, and Lieutenant-Colonel Miles. The Canadian comrades sang an affecting solo about Heaven. Mrs. Staff-Captain Durand again brought tears to every eye while singing "She Died at Her Post," so appropriate did the words appear. And then our dear twelve-year-old Motee, reminding us so much of her mother as she stood before the crowd, sang,

"My home is in Heaven!
There'll be no parting there!"

A flood of tender feeling flowed over the hearts of the great audience as they struggled to choke their emotion, which made it so difficult to join in the chorus.

And then my turn came to say the last word about one who had been to me more than life. The little platform was drawn close to the casket, so that I could touch it as I spoke, and sought to voice her wishes from the grave.

"My Beloved Comrades and Friends:

"At eleven minutes and twenty-five seconds past nine on Wednesday night, October twenty-eighth, at Dean Lake, Missouri, our beloved Consul received her call without a moment's warning. She was wearing the watch which I hold in my hand when the railroad wreck occurred, and so terrible was the shock that the watch stopped, though otherwise uninjured, indicating the exact moment when the tragic occurrence took place. And now we are here to-day to lay away the mortal remains

of *the best woman in the world.* Had there been a better we certainly should have known it, with the publicity afforded in these days by newspapers and other publications. But since her glorious mother, Catherine Booth, went to Heaven, I do not believe a more beautiful, Christlike character has ever trodden this earth.

"To the people she was a Prophetess, Apostle, Saint, and now a Martyr all in one. She need not have died, humanly speaking. She could have been at home with her family, as she would have loved to be, instead of on the battlefield for Jesus' sake. She might at least have taken it a little easier. But she possessed the true spirit of a Soldier of the Cross, and as we have just been singing, she 'died at her post.'

"*She was not mine.* She was far *too precious. She belonged to God.* She was a beautiful specimen of the salvation of Jesus. Next to God *she belonged to the People.* Her heart was with them all the time. She sympathized with their sorrows, alleviated their sufferings and sought with all her heart their salvation. And *she belonged to The Army.* No matter what might be the stress or storm through which the Army was passing, she never wavered. The advice she gave to her Cadets to swear to their own hurt and not to change, she acted out herself. She was not only born in the Army, but the Army seemed born in her. She grew with its growth, and her beautiful disinterested spirit and wise, far-seeing counsels were relied on greatly by our beloved General in shaping the organization.

"And, therefore, I say again, she was far too precious to be merely mine. I was only granted the inestimable privilege of walking by her side, of smoothing her pathway, of removing from it some of the rocks which would have too severely bruised her tender spirit, or at least of taking off some of their ragged edges, of pouring the balm of love upon her sensitive soul when wounded in the battle's fray, of being her eager armor-bearer in her impetuous assaults upon the powers of darkness.

"We saw eye to eye. We walked hand in hand. We fought side by side. We had no divided interests. At home and on the battlefield we were *one, absolutely one* —in *spirit*, in *plan*, in *purpose*. God helped me not to hold her glorious spirit back; I shared her cross, though she would not let me carry it. Indeed, our two crosses seemed to melt beautifully into one. I always felt, alas! that she carried the heavier end. She did so because she would. It was so with all she met. It seemed as if she *must* share their cross and bear their burden.

"Only a few days since she was walking along the street with two or three of our leading officers. A horse shied at a piece of white paper lying in the road. There was almost an accident, but finally it was quieted and went its way. 'Wait a moment,' said the Consul to the officers. 'If we leave the paper there, nobody will remove it, and another horse may take fright.' Darting across the road, she picked it up, seeming to feel that what she could do herself she would not leave to others. It was typical of her all through life. She was ever removing the bits of white paper that might hinder human souls from seeking God, and good, and Heaven. She was doing it when death met her.

"But it seems to me as though she were bending down just now from above, and saying to me, 'Fritz, do not glorify the creature, but the Creator.' When we see a beautiful statue or a picture, we naturally think of and admire its maker. Our beloved Consul was a wonderful piece of God's own handiwork. Her face was beautiful, but her salvation was the most beautiful of all. Her character as a saint and Soldier was a blessed reflection of the character of Christ.

"We need no Bible to assure us of the existence of God, or of His goodness, or of the beauty of holiness, or of the grandeur of the salvation of Jesus. In this casket lie the remains of one who lived it all out before our eyes, as daughter, sister, mother, wife and Soldier of the Cross. Here you have the evidence of the character of Jesus, of His skill, and of His love.

"Another message, methinks, she wafts to you this afternoon from her home in Heaven, and that is that the Divine Sculptor who molded her life, her work, and character, can do the same for you. True, it cannot be without the use of the same chisel and mallet which helped to make her what she was. True, the keen edge of that chisel will enter into your soul as it did into hers. She felt it all herself to agony. But through her tears she looked up and said, 'Abba, Father, Thy Will, not mine be done.' She has 'rested' from her 'labors,' and her 'works do follow her.'

"The Revival for which she prayed so earnestly has commenced, though she has not been permitted to play the part in it she had so hoped But her tragic end has, under God, done more to break up the fountains of the human heart than a life-long service might have done. Already we hear from Chicago that since her funeral service there, when twenty-eight souls knelt at the cross, sixty more have followed, and a blessed revival is in progress. Here, in New York, thirty-four souls came forward on Sunday night. I have no doubt that, as a direct outcome of her tragic end, inside one week from the news being cabled around the world, at least one thousand souls will have sought salvation, who might otherwise have been lost. But *that* is only the *beginning*. As the story of her life and death are told, and when we are able to publish in print the details of the narrative hitherto known but to the favored few, it will prove an inspiration to tens of thousands more, and the woman-warrior who fell in the battlefield of Dean Lake, grasping the Army's Blood-and-Fire Banner in her hand, and crying to every Salvationist and saint and sinner in the world, '*Excelsior*,' will have multitudes claim her in Heaven as their spiritual mother.

"Oh, yes, there will be a glorious harvest of result as a direct outcome of this tragedy. Our hearts will bleed, but by God's grace we will do better. In the last paragraph of the last article of a series we published in book-

let form some time ago, she said, 'What the world most needs is hearts made tender by sanctified suffering.' If that be the world's great need, surely out of this sorrow, that has brought us such grief, results will be gathered over which she may some day say, like her Master, that she 'has seen of the travail of her soul, and been satisfied.' We shall live more Christlike lives through the example she has left behind.

"One of the last letters that our beloved Leader wrote was in regard to a proposed picture for our Christmas War Cry. She had suggested to our artist that an illustration should be made showing Jesus in His youth leading a procession of children through Nazareth. We were all delighted with the idea, and it was decided that the picture should be a large one, going across the two middle pages of The War Cry. At the last moment, with her wonderful capacity for details, the Consul sent an urgent letter to the artist telling her to be sure that the position of Jesus in the picture should not be such that the crease between the two pages should come across His face. On measuring the rough draft of the drawing, which had already been commenced, it was found that, but for this warning, the crease would just have been on Jesus' face, but the reminder came in sufficient time for it to be altered.

"Ah, it appears to me that that letter—among the last she ever sent—was a fit type of her whole life. She was jealous of the honor of Jesus. She wished no crease of self-seeking, of luke-warmness, or of worldliness to spoil the picture of His face. Her own beautiful life at home and abroad was one continued effort to present to the world a picture of her Saviour leading the long procession of saved souls to Heaven—a picture without a crease. And her dear hand reaches, methinks, from Heaven as our hearts are bowed in anguish around her casket to remove by means of this sorrow the creases from our hearts and lives.

"Our Moses is gone! She has left us on the very

borders of the promised land of 'Greater Things.' We are left without the inspiration of her service and her presence, to face alone our Jordans and our Jerichos, and to drive before us the spiritual foes that are preparing to oppose every step of our onward march.

"But God is left, and Jesus is left, and the Holy Ghost is left, and Heaven is left, and the Army is left, and we are left to each other and to the War. Around this precious casket, then, let us consecrate every power of our being, every moment of our remaining life to the service of the God and people for whom she lived, and on whose behalf she died."

Tenderly, quietly, lovingly, reverently we bore the casket and placed it in the vault, and then returning to the crowd we prayed and sang together the immortal verse:

Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee;
E'en though it be a Cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

With a sudden impulse that came upon me I asked the crowd to join me in throwing a good-bye kiss toward the grave, and it seemed as though not from earth but from Heaven I could see her dear hand fling back the kiss, and bid us look up and not down, forward, not backward, away from the momentary cross to the eternal reward, from the temporary tear to the hosannas of triumph, from earth's trials and toils to the joys at God's right hand forevermore.

CHAPTER XVI.

Rest in Peace.

Dear Daughter of the People, Rest in Peace!
Ended Earth's warfare! Welcome Heaven's release!
Lo! for thine entrance pearly gates unfold,
Down sweep the azure chariots of gold,
Horses of fire and angels robed in white
Come to escort thee to thy home of light,
Swept from Missouri's blood-besprinkled plain,
Fore'er with Christ in Paradise to reign!
Methinks I see thy beauteous spirit soar,
Then turn our bleeding hearts to hover o'er,
The chalice of God's healing balm to fill,
And o'er our anguished spirits pour, until
With tear-stained faces we again look up,
And drain, through grace sufficient, sorrow's cup.

Our loss, our loss, ah! who can calculate?
Will desolation's deluge e'er abate?
Seems it as though earth's loftiest landmark
Is buried 'neath its waters, yet the ark
Of God's salvation floats upon the waves,
Storm-tossed, but faith-encompassed—Jesus saves!
Like Noah's dove thy spirit plucks some leaf
Of promise to assuage our tempest-grief,
Telling of sweet reunion by-and-bye,
Where hand in hand we'll serve our Lord on high,
Tears wiped away, death swallowed up in life,
Exchanged for age-long peace earth's battle-strife!
Sweet angel, though our heart-wounds gape and rack,
We will not murmur, will not ask thee back,
Will not thy tender spirit grief-expose,
Will not begrudge thee thy well-won repose.

Just on the borderland we'll wait our call,
God and His Army shall receive our all!
Upon sin's battlements our Flag shall wave,
We will proclaim to all Christ's power to save!
The precious legacy you left we will
By God's grace to the very last fulfill.
We fling you, from your graveside, our heart-kiss
And promise soon to share with you Heaven's bliss!

[THE END.]